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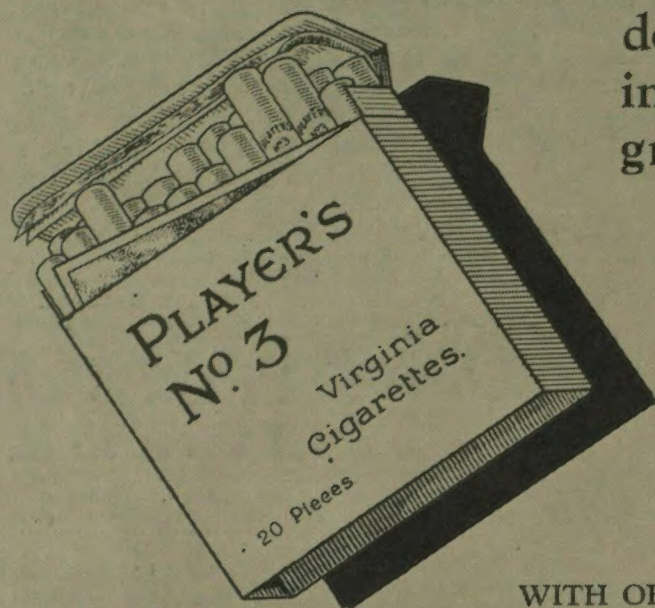
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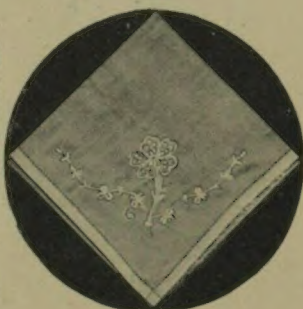
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By R. S. HOOPER.

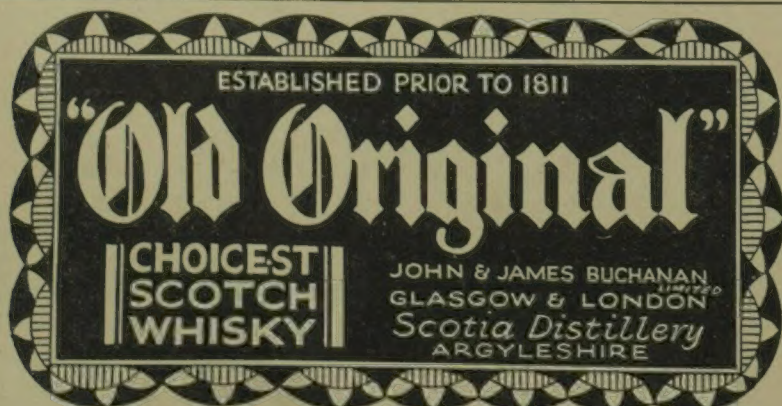
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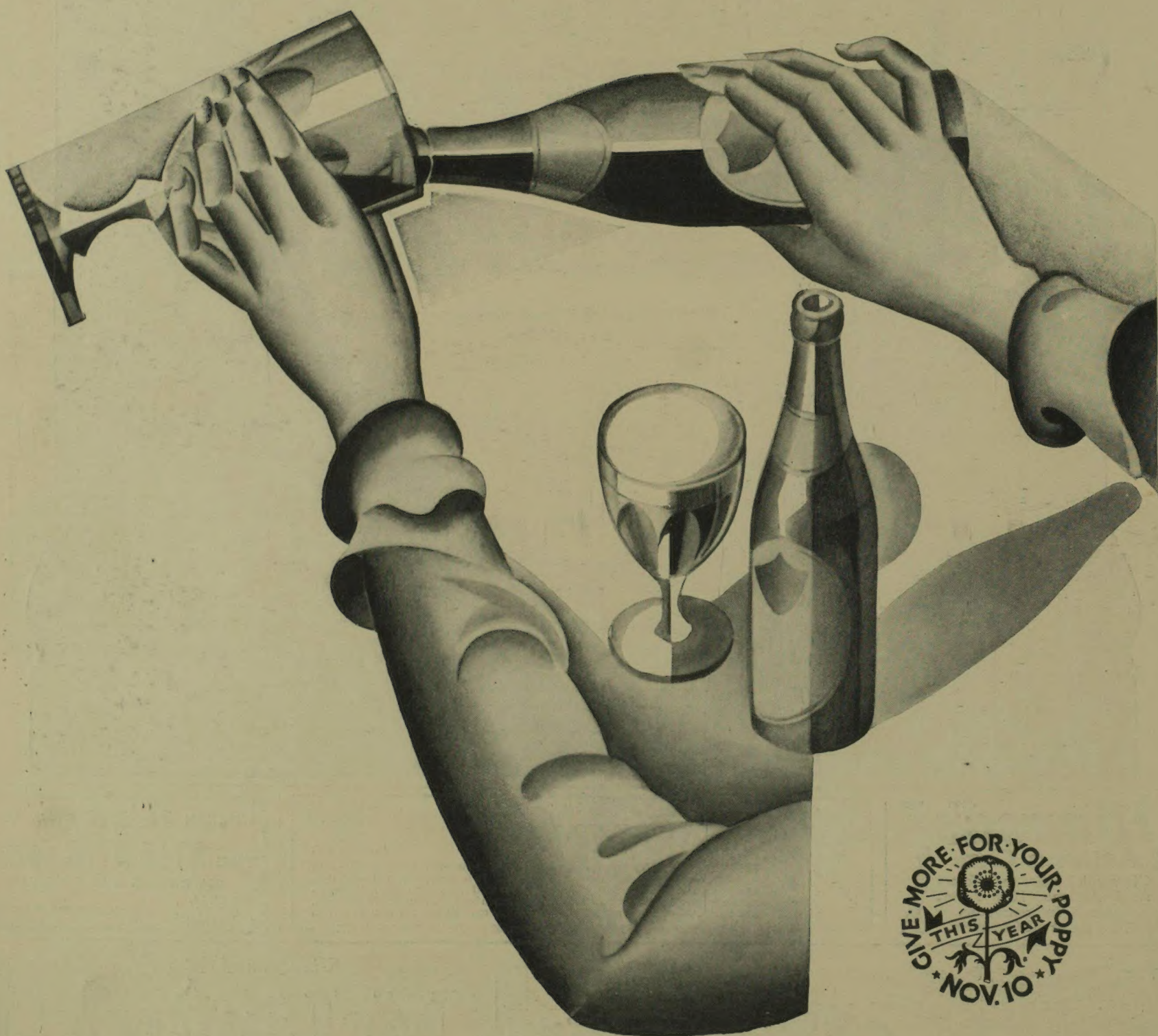
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1928.

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A HAWAIIAN PARALLEL TO THE ETNA ERUPTION: LAVA ROLLING DOWN A MOUNTAIN TOWARDS A VILLAGE.

Mount Etna broke into violent eruption on November 3, and the next day it was reported that a stream of lava 2000 yards wide was rolling down the mountain side, at the rate of 200 yards an hour. It had already destroyed two woods and was flowing in separate streams towards the villages of San Alfio and Magazzino. Houses within the danger zone were abandoned, and shelters were erected for people driven from their homes. The eruption was accompanied by mild earthquakes. What such an event means is vividly shown in the above

remarkable air photograph of a red-hot lava stream descending the slopes of Mauna Loa, the great volcano in Hawaii. On this occasion the lava divided into three streams. Two of them stopped after a few miles, but the main flow swept through miles of tropical forest and descended upon the little native fishing village of Hoopuloa (seen in the foreground), which was entirely destroyed not long after the photograph was taken. The airmen saw big fish and turtles hurrying out to sea as the red-hot lava entered the water.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is well known that I am an unreasonable reactionary, who refuses to face the great facts of the modern world. I have never been convinced that a giraffe is a better fireside playmate than a kitten. I cannot be got to see that a hippopotamus is certain to win a race against a greyhound. An invincible prejudice prevents me from admitting that whales served on toast are more appetising than sardines. Nay, I cannot even persuade myself that the larger sort of sharks are, as drawing-room ornaments, necessarily improvements upon goldfish. I cannot think that the gesture of pulling up a palm-tree is always easier or more graceful than that of picking a flower; or that it is always more enjoyable to die of thirst in the Sahara than to drink wine from a small vineyard or water from a village well. In short, I am lamentably lacking in that reverence for largeness, or for things on a Big Scale, which is apparently the religion of the age of Big Business. And, among other instances, I may venture to point out that this difference of opinion applies particularly to what was in the first instance, I suppose, the home and source of Big Business. There are a great many things which I really do admire about America; which I admire with much more sincerity than is common in those who merely flatter America. I admire America for being simple, for not being snobbish, for being still democratic in instincts, for having a respect for work and for treating the mere luxurious cynic as a lounge-lizard. But I do not admire America for being big. I do not envy America for being big. I do not even feel that it has practical and material advantages in being big. But it has a great many very big disadvantages from being big; and one of them emerges in the intensely interesting issue of the American Presidential Election.*

There is no nation more active than the Americans, none more naturally intelligent, none more easy to move for the purpose of starting a campaign, or spreading an idea. But it is obvious that the field of operations is too large even for the largest campaign. The idea cannot be spread, even spread very thin, over quite so vast a surface. It is therefore a fact, quite as familiar to enlightened Americans as to anybody else, that there are great masses of unenlightened Americans, whom none of the enlightened Americans can approach near enough to enlighten. There are superstitions that might have stagnated for centuries in an impenetrable swamp; there are wild religions that might have sprung up and died in a desert; there are solid blocks of barbarous ignorance which were due not to stupidity but simply to segregation. There is no particular occasion for superiority or self-righteousness about this. If all Europe were one nation, we should doubtless be saying the same about certain black belts among the Tartars or the Slavs. But though England has not yet the luck to be a small nationality, thank heaven it is not quite in that degree a great power. For, in this aspect, there is no such thing as a great power. What is spread out before us is a great weakness. The system in extending its communications always decreases its efficiency; and there never was an empire upon this earth that did not go further and fare worse.

Anyhow, this queer fact of psychology and sociology has been illustrated amazingly in the outcry

against Governor Smith. Such cries seem sometimes to be hardly human; and nothing like them has been heard in Europe since the rabble roared behind Titus Oates or the native Irish were driven to Hell or Connaught. But there is one peculiarity of the ignorance to which I would draw special attention, though it is probably not the one to which I am supposed chiefly to attend. I am a Catholic; but I know quite well that there are Anti-Catholics and Anti-Catholics. The extraordinary thing about these people is not that they know nothing about the Church, but that they know nothing about the world. It is not that they are ignorant of the old religion, but that they are ignorant of the modern

particular to prevent the President of the Soviet Republic or the Dictator of the Italian Fascists from coming to Washington. There is a positive policy and regulation to prevent the Pope from going out of Rome. But it is not this obvious parenthesis that interests me. What interests me is this: that the very idea suggested is a simple and primitive and barbaric idea; the idea of somebody who is quite outside the modern civilised world. If we express a fear that Picasso may have too much influence on English art, we do not mean that somebody will bring him over and put him into lodgings in Chelsea. When we say that Mr. Rockefeller might threaten the English interests in oil, we do not mean that

Mr. Rockefeller must be living quietly near Clapham Junction, disguised as a clerk. The influence of Mussolini, the influence of Lenin, does not mean the danger of people carrying them about like luggage to different ports and custom houses. For good or evil, and indeed very largely for evil, the international influences of the modern world do not depend on particular people going to particular places. The point is that nobody would suggest it but somebody ignorant of the modern world.

All genuine admirers of America, including all genuine Americans, will see in these symptoms a conflict of very high significance. The election is not a conflict between Democrats and Republicans, or between Drink and Prohibition, or even in the first place between Agriculture and Finance. It is, in the simplest sense of the very strongest phrase, a conflict between light and darkness; between things understood and things not understood; between people who take a certain view of the facts, and people who have never yet even heard of the facts; between principle and prejudice; between cosmos and chaos. I am well aware that Mr. Hoover himself and many high-minded Republicans altogether repudiate this bigotry and barbarism; but they cannot help the unfortunate fact that it is the strongest thing on their side. It may be that they would not use it; but it will have no such delicacy about using them. And, as a matter of calculating the actual practical proportions of things, this is the thing that will defeat Mr. Smith if he is defeated; this is the thing he will have to defeat to avoid being defeated. We should not think that a serious political issue about Protection for Hops was being adequately settled if for large sections of the electorate it turned entirely on the proposition that Kentish men have tails. It is not a serious political issue about Prohibition or anything else, when for large sections of the electorate it turns on a general impression that American Catholics have horns. We should not

think the problem of Imperialism adequately solved by the simple-minded few who once imagined that the Boers were black. Unfortunately in America there are people equally simple-minded, and not quite so few, who suppose that the Irish, when attached to their national religion, are all morally and spiritually black. That sort of problem has nothing to do with preference for any such race or religion; it is simply a question of whether the issue shall be decided by a delusion. A fanatical secret society of this sort existed in America before, and was called the "Know Nothing" movement. The title was truer than it was meant to be. And the struggle is simply between those who know something, right or wrong, and the enormous natural strength of those who know nothing.



AUNT AND NEPHEW AS JOINT SOVEREIGNS OF ABYSSINIA: THE EMPRESS ZAUDITU AND THE NEW NEGUS, TAFARI MAKONNEN, WITH THE CROWN AND SWORD OF STATE WHICH SHE GAVE HIM, AT HIS RECENT CORONATION.

The Coronation of Ras Tafari, hitherto Regent and Heir-Apparent of Abyssinia, as Negus (King of Kings) took place at Addis Ababa on October 7, and was illustrated in our issue of November 3. We are now able to give this interesting photograph of the new King enthroned beside his aunt, the Empress Zauditu, who summoned him to share the sovereignty with her. It was taken at the ceremony during which she bestowed upon him the Crown and the Sword of State, which he is seen holding. In doing so she said: "My beloved son, when Almighty God by His favour seated me on the throne of my august father, Menelik II., it was His will that you should be my support. In furtherance of His divine will I invest you this day with royal rank and confer upon you this crown." He then ascended the throne beside the Empress and received homage.

situation, and of the things that are not only specially modern, but rather specially American. America is too large to understand its own largeness. It is not that thousands of them do not know what is meant by a Papal Bull. It is rather as if thousands of them did not know what is meant by a Ford Car.

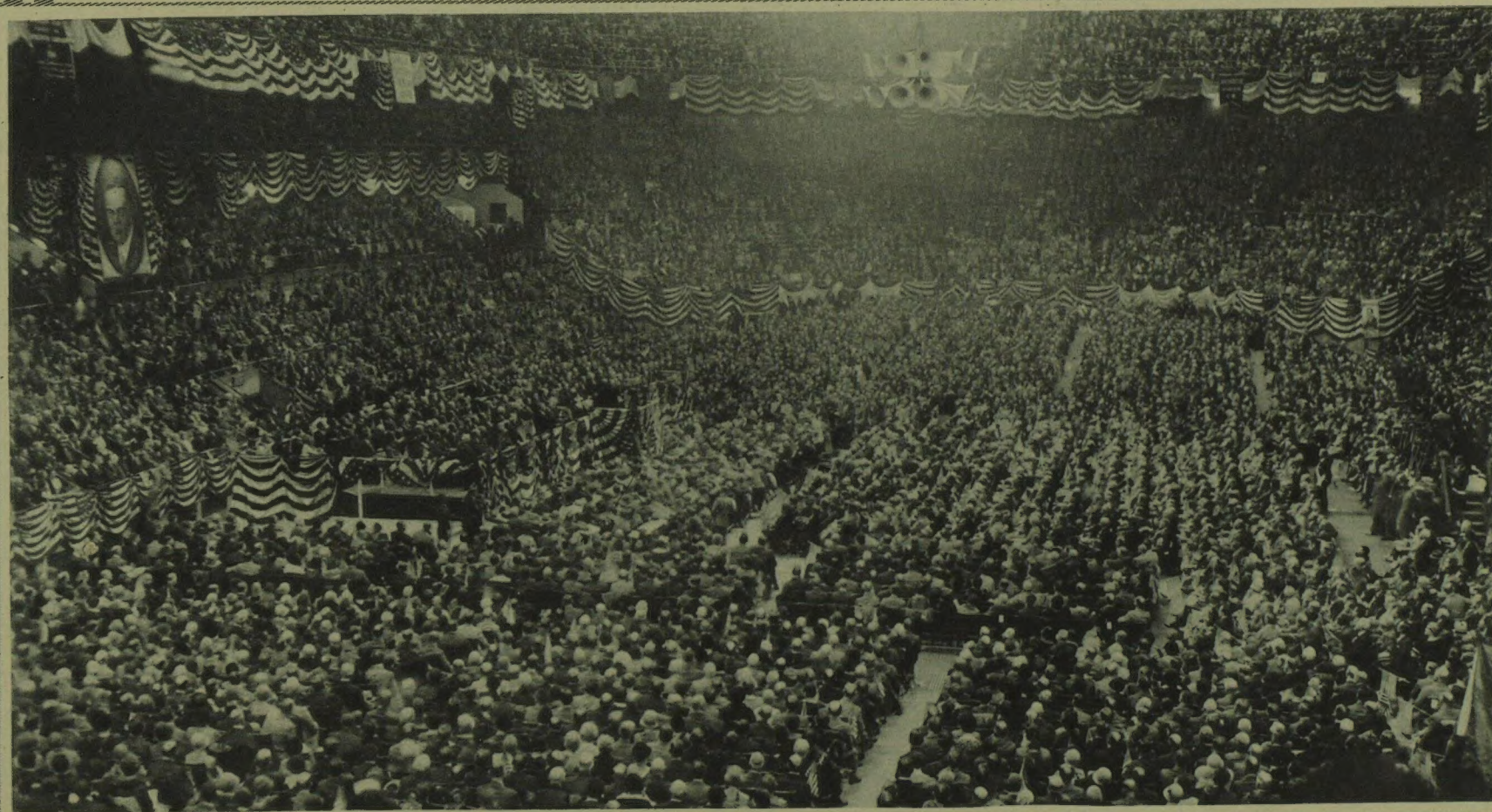
For instance, one thing that seems to have been said over and over again is that Mr. Smith would "bring the Pope over," and apparently keep him permanently in the White House at Washington; whether as a paying guest or a sort of private chaplain I cannot quite make out. It is unnecessary to point out here (though it might be quite necessary to point out there) that the Pope is the very last person about whom such fears need be entertained. There is nothing

* N.B.—The result of the election will be known by the time this number appears.

CROWD-COMPELLING U.S. ELECTION METHODS: "AL" SMITH AND HOOVER.



GOVERNOR "AL" SMITH (DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE U.S. PRESIDENCY) AMONG THE GROUP ON THE STAND (LEFT) ACKNOWLEDGING CHEERS AT A HUGE OPEN-AIR MEETING IN WORCESTER, MASS., ON HIS WAY BACK TO NEW YORK AFTER HIS ELECTIONEERING TOUR: A VIEW SHOWING AMPLIFIERS ABOVE THE STAND.



MR. HERBERT HOOVER (REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE U.S. PRESIDENCY) ON THE FLAG-DRAPED STAND (LEFT CENTRE) ADDRESSING A MONSTER AUDIENCE OF SOME 20,000 IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK, DURING HIS ELECTIONEERING CAMPAIGN: A VIEW SHOWING A CLUSTER OF AMPLIFIERS (TOP CENTRE) LIKE A CHANDELIER.

The result of the United States Presidential Election on November 6, an event of world-wide importance, will be known by the time this number appears, and elsewhere in it will be found a portrait of the successful candidate. On this page (which goes to press in advance) we illustrate typical examples of the monster audiences brought together by American electioneering methods, with some of the scientific appliances—radio, loud-speakers, amplifiers, and so on—by means of which speeches were distributed broadcast throughout the land. Our photographs show, respectively, great meetings addressed by the rival candidates—Mr. Herbert Hoover, the Republican (in the lower illustration), and Governor "Al" Smith, the Democrat (in the upper one). The electioneering campaign

has been aptly called "the greatest debate in the history of the country carried on, by the magic of science, in the hearing of the whole people." The machinery of such an election is elaborate and complicated, and it works up to a dramatic climax. Writing on November 4, before the event, a "Times" correspondent said: "The Presidential campaign of 1928 ended with New York's roaring welcome to Governor Smith last night. Two months ago it was a torpid and a dull business; in October it was stung into violent movement by this one remarkable man. . . . Forty-eight States of the Union provide 531 votes in the electoral college, and 266 are necessary for election." The number of voters was stated as between 35 and 40 millions, including at least 10 million more than those of 1924.

The Scientific Side of the Detection of Crime.

No. XXI.—FINANCIAL SWINDLES AND THE EXPERTS.*

By H. ASHTON-WOLFE, Assistant Investigator under Dr. Georges Bérout, Director of the Marseilles Scientific Police Laboratories.

IT is, of course, quite impossible in a short article to do more than touch upon the fringe of the offences which to the police are known as *indirect thefts*. It is a subject so vast that it might truly be described as inexhaustible. Moreover, the offences that come under this heading resemble so many kindred methods of making money dishonestly that it is difficult to decide in numerous cases whether they should be truly classified as financial swindles or as confidence tricks. Indeed, these two systems of indirect theft are inextricably involved. Furthermore, as the law stands to-day, it is incredibly difficult for the police to obtain evidence of fraud just at that critical moment when the swindler has slipped over the line which separates lawful from criminal, a line on which the detective stands, tense and watching, but which he may not cross. Most of the successful swindles were evolved and are directed by educated and clever men, who steer their course well within the law; although the police know that the public is being skillfully robbed, they cannot easily interfere. Fortunately the thief sooner or later becomes over-confident and makes a blunder. Then only can the experts act efficiently.

The department which deals with this type of crime is assisted by specialists experienced in financial and company law. It probes discreetly into the past of all those who thrive in crooked ways on human greed for wealth; collects records, photographs, new methods that crop up daily, and classifies every fresh trick, seeking by analogy to discover the loop-hole through which the detective can thrust a muscular hand to grip the trickster. The schemes invented by the swindler are numerous, their variants countless; but fortunately the

basic principles on which they repose are well defined and have changed little during the centuries. It is perhaps not generally known that most Criminal Investigation Departments have men engaged upon nothing else than a minute scrutiny of all advertisements which appear in the papers. The financial crook *must* advertise if he is to reap a golden harvest. There is his weakness—the heel of Achilles—for if he attracts the attention of the public by his clever, plausible publicity, he also directs the attention of the police experts to his activities. A strict watch is likewise kept upon the ways along which the money he may receive trickles or flows in streams. The moment an unusual number of postal orders, money orders, or cheques are cashed by a firm whose *bona-fides* has not been established, the business of the firm or the person to whom they are addressed is investigated, and this in itself frequently leads to his undoing. Swindlers know this, and resort to camouflage. Instead of advertising in the Press, they send out circulars. Fortunately, some of these usually go astray, and find their way to the watchful department. Also the money is often collected by employees instead of passing through the post, and sometimes master and man quarrel. Another method favoured by crooks is to make postal orders or cheques payable to numerous dummy firms with alluring titles. Yet nearly always the tentacles thus flung abroad are patiently followed until they converge upon the body of the octopus lurking in a secret retreat provided with convenient exits.

There is a firm in this country which for years has carried on a flourishing, lucrative business, carefully maintained within the protective walls of legality. Its victims are always so cleverly chosen that the tricksters have until now evaded well-merited punishment. These victims are either poor inventors who cannot afford to risk a costly legal action, involving solicitors and counsel, or they are firms abroad desperately in need of money, who, when they realise they have been duped, prefer to let the matter drop rather than throw good money after bad. Within the last four years I have handled the evidence submitted by several foreign manufacturers who had lost an average each of £800; but so cleverly was the scheme worked that they decided not to go to law.

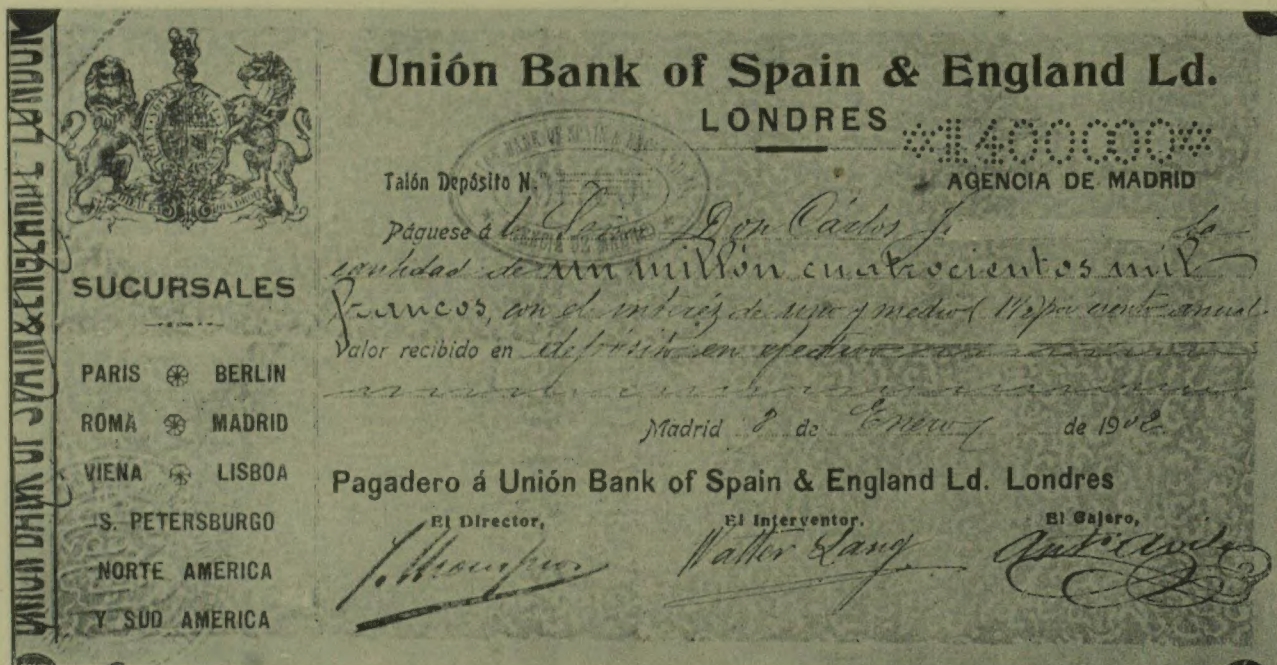
This is the method: An inventor, for instance, after many years of weary work, has constructed a model, applied for patents, and now seeks financial assistance in order to float a company or to launch his invention alone. Such a man is always at a disadvantage. He soon discovers that it is easier to build a machine than to sell it. When at last, after

not stated; advertisements have been put in the papers; a search has been made at the Patent Office, and thus the victim has no case.

A similar procedure is employed with firms abroad wishing to form an English company. A cleverly worded agreement is entered into, which provides for a penalty at least equal to the sum advanced for expenses to be paid to the foreign firm should the company not be formed, unless they are to blame for this. And they always are. Perhaps a thousand pounds may have been paid to the tricksters, but their attitude is one of pained surprise that it should be mentioned, for have they not lost a handsome commission because of some inaccuracy? The required capital was already in their hands, but in the circumstances they were in honour bound to return it untouched!

A very clever type of fraud, which fortunately is becoming well known, but which is often so cunningly disguised that it is still successfully employed, is the long-firm fraud, known to the Continental police as *carambouillage*, a word as formidable as the men who

grow rich by it. Only lately a gang, organised and directed by a Frenchman whose undoubted genius would have brought him riches in any honest undertaking, was rounded up and convicted after a patient investigation lasting nearly a year. This Moriarty in real life succeeded in becoming the leader of a number of crooks who were only admitted into the band if they disposed of a small sum in cash. With this initial capital he opened several shops under attractive names. These shops soon became popular, for whatever they sold was to be obtained there more cheaply than elsewhere. The wholesale houses were prompt-



"SO BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED THAT IT DECEIVED MANY PEOPLE": A CHEQUE FOR 1,400,000 PESETAS (AT THE TIME ABOUT £60,000) USED FOR THE "BURIED TREASURE" TRICK DESCRIBED IN THIS ARTICLE, AND CONFISCATED AT THE ARREST OF TWO SPANISH FORGERS.

many disheartening interviews, he drifts into the net of these apparently kindly people, their ready welcome is like sunshine after rain. They are quite willing—nay, indeed, eager—to help him, and express their confidence in the invention and their ability to raise the required capital in no measured terms. Whilst chatting with a member of this firm of "philanthropists" in a cosy office, several offers of thousands of pounds are dealt with on the telephone. Naturally he only hears what he is meant to hear. But the conversations are apparently carried on with people anxiously waiting to invest. Thus an impressive atmosphere is immediately created. The inventor is then informed that, of course, a small sum will be needed for circulars, advertisements, and a search at the Patent Office in order to make sure that his patents will be granted, and this sum he must advance. Often there is also the company registration fee. The "philanthropists" undertake, however, to refund this money if they should fail to raise the required capital *through any fault of theirs*. This appears to be a fair proposal, and the inventor pays, according to his means, which have been adroitly ascertained; sometimes a hundred, sometimes several hundred pounds. Needless to state, after months of waiting and much humbug, it turns out that the capital is indeed available, but cannot be accepted by these honest people because—the reason varies according to circumstances, but long experience has provided this association with countless reasons: always the inventor is to blame, and can neither demand the return of his money nor obtain any redress. Some circulars have been printed, number

ly and regularly paid until confidence was established and credit became sound. When this had been achieved, an order for a large quantity of goods was given by one of the shops, and bills payable in sixty days tendered. Long before the two months had expired everything had apparently been sold at tremendously cut prices; the shop then closed, and manager and employees vanished. Simultaneously with the closing of a business in one district another blossomed forth elsewhere, and most of the goods removed from the first in small quantities during the last few weeks would be sold there, adroitly camouflaged, by others of the gang. The ringleader sat in his secret office and directed operations, organising and deciding which shop should in turn become bankrupt; until at last more than twenty enterprises that shone brightly for a while, flickered and were extinguished, to be reborn, Phoenix-like, from their ashes in a distant part of Paris, were controlled by this audacious thief.

This system went on for so long that complaints poured in from wholesale houses all over France, whilst millions rolled into the coffers of the master criminal. Success, as usual, made him careless. In order to sell quickly he sold ever more cheaply, until in his shops goods could be obtained for less than the cost of raw material. This attracted the attention of the police. They noted the various shops, but moved slowly, content to watch and follow; until suddenly, at a preconcerted moment, police-vans disgorged detectives at every one of the emporiums. Soon the cells were crowded with employees of every trade, who, however, had the satisfaction

[Continued on page 888.]

THE ART WORLD: MASTERPIECES CHANGE HANDS; AND CURIOSITIES OLD AND NEW.



ANOTHER WORLD-FAMOUS PICTURE SOLD: "LADY BETTY COMPTON," BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, WHICH HAS CHANGED HANDS FOR A SUM EXCEEDING £100,000.

It has been announced that Lord Chesham has sold his famous Reynolds, the charming "Lady Betty Compton," to the great firm of Knoedler for a sum exceeding £100,000. The artist painted it in 1782 for Lord George Cavendish, great-great-grandfather of Lord Chesham, a racing man remembered not only for his association with the Turf, but from the fact that he never made a bet! It has been engraved a number of times. The sitter was not considered a great beauty, so possibly the painter idealised her a little, in a way portrait-painters have! No Reynolds portrait has fetched so big a price before.—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Knoedler.]



AN ASTONISHING "ILLUSION" PICTURE: A REMARKABLE GRISAILLE BY DE WIT—A MARBLE BAS-RELIEF EFFECT ACHIEVED BY THE BRUSH ALONE.

"Grisaille," explains the Technological Dictionary, for the benefit of the uninitiated: "A method of painting in monotone, grey tints only being employed. Generally used for representing solid bodies in relief, e.g., friezes, bas-reliefs." The particularly fine example here reproduced (by courtesy of Mr. Frank Partridge, of King Street, St. James's) is by Jakob de Wit, and is 45½ inches high by 44 inches wide. The artist was born at Amsterdam in 1695, and died in 1754.



REPORTED SOLD IN THE UNITED STATES FOR 300,000 DOLLARS: "ALLEGORY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT," BY JAN VERMEER, A WORK DESCRIBED BY DE GROOTE.

Vermeer's "Allegory of the New Testament" has been bought by Col. Michael Friedsam from the F. Kleinberger Galleries, it is said for three hundred thousand dollars. It is described in de Groote's work on the artist and illustrated in it. Forty-five by thirty-five inches, it is claimed to be the largest painting by the master that has reached the U.S.A. Dr. Abraham Bredius found it in an antique-shop in Berlin thirty years ago, and gave some seven hundred marks, or about a hundred and seventy-five dollars, for it. Vermeer was born at Delft, where he was baptised on October 31, 1632. He was buried on December 15, 1696.



THE PAINTED HAND THAT SEEMS OUTSIDE THE PICTURE FRAME: THE HON. JOHN COLLIER'S "TRICK" PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF, AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.

This self-portrait is one of the most-discussed works in the exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, which opened last week. As can be seen, the hand is so painted that it seems to emerge from the canvas and to grip the frame. Mr. Collier has explained that, as he has always been accused of being a problem-picture artist, he decided to produce a problem-picture at last, by way of a joke. He has certainly attained his object!

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IT might simplify the reviewer's task, in some ways, to know personally the writers of the books he discusses, though it might also cause a certain amount of embarrassment. The lot of the candid friend is not a happy one. At the same time, I do like an author (especially a traveller) to introduce himself and give me some idea of his position and antecedents, and

felt. 'Are you from Egypt?' he asked. 'From Syria,' I replied briefly.

The "magic word" that had acted as an "Open, Sesame" was repeated more than once during the tour of the building. "This is the Prophet's Prayer-Niche," said my companion. "Money here!" . . . "This," said my unseen guide, 'is Bâb et-Tôwba. Piastres here!' . . . "This," said my companion, 'is the Wall of the Door. Two prostrations here—and a little money!' I paid and prayed. He was equally successful, later, in obtaining admission to the Mosque containing the Prophet's Tomb at Medina, though no pilgrim enters the actual vault.

There seems to be something about Arabia which tends to the production of masterpieces in travel literature. Perhaps it is a quality inherent in the land and its people—a blend of colour and mystery and a Biblical dignity of speech, not without an element of unconscious humour to the Western mind. Arabia has already inspired such classic writers as Burton, Doughty, and Lawrence. Mr. Rutter's work is, I think, not unworthy to rank among the best books of Arabian travel.

with Omar Khayyam, a theme occasioned by his visit to the Shrines of Omar at Nishapour in Persia. "I recalled," he writes, "Fitzgerald's efforts at translation. . . . To judge the poetry of Omar by its translation would be as futile as to appreciate the songs of Robert Burns by an Arabic version." Literary culture in Afghanistan is evidently progressing under King Amanullah's rule.

Mention of "the thankless muse" brings me to a notable little volume of original poems to which I referred briefly last week—"A HANDFUL OF DREAMS." By E. Hall Hains, author of "Poems of Love and the Unknown." (Cecil Palmer; 5s.). It is a long time since I have read any modern verse that makes so sincere and sympathetic an appeal to natural human sentiment. That is to say—though modern, it is not "modernist," and imposes no mental strain in an effort to capture the author's meaning. These simple and heartfelt poems maintain a constant level of high thought, felicitous phrase, and melodious rhythm. Especially touching is the sense of pathos and personal loss expressed in such lines as "Had I Guessed," "In Every Flower," "The Ambulance," and "The Unavenged"; descriptive power is revealed in "Little Brown Hut," "My Boat and I," and other poems, and a steadfast faith shines throughout, as in "Where Is the Proof?" or "Christmas Day." Appropriate to Armistice Day is a sonnet entitled "The Silence, November 11th," concluding thus—

It is themselves, our dearest and our best,
Just as we knew them in the bygone years;
They never left us; it was but our tears
That dulled the inner vision, veiled the quest.

Another poem, "The Musician," reminds me that Vienna is about to keep the centenary of one whom that city did not unduly lionise during his brief and pathetic earthly pilgrimage, recorded in "FRANZ SCHUBERT." The Man and His Circle. By Newman Flower. With Frontispiece in colour and twenty-eight Plates in photogravure (Cassell; 15s.). This timely and sympathetic memoir, which has tapped new sources of information, has already been noticed by our musical critic. Two other noteworthy books on the most spiritual of the arts are "ANOTHER WAY IN MUSIC." By Eva Ducat, Illustrated (Chapman and Hall; 10s. 6d.); and "THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC ON HISTORY AND MORALS." A Vindication of Plato. By Cyril Scott (Theosophical Publishing House; 7s. 6d.).



UNIQUE FOR ITS CHIMNEYS REPRESENTING CHURCH AND COLLEGE TOWERS, AND A FAMILY TOMB: HAWKER'S FAMOUS VICARAGE AT MORWENSTOW, NOW IN DANGER OF BEING SOLD.

Morwenstow Vicarage, in North Cornwall, was built and presented to the benefice, in 1837-8, by the famous parson-poet, R. S. Hawker, author of "Cornish Ballads," and Vicar there from 1834 till his death in 1875. Here he wrote his poems, and here in 1848 he entertained Tennyson. Hawker modelled three of his chimneys on towers of Cornish churches he knew—Stratton, Whitstone, and North Tamerton. (The two close together on the extreme right have lost their pinnacles.) The two on the left are said to be of Oxford origin—he was at Pembroke and (after his first marriage) at Magdalen Hall. The kitchen chimney in the background represents his mother's tomb. His verse inscription is still over the door. Unfortunately, the house is too large for the present Vicar to keep up in these days of reduced clerical stipends, and, unless the income can be increased by £100 a year, it is to be sold. This year the Vicarage has been used as a tea-house. An appeal has been issued to save it, and help is sought from the hundreds of visitors, including many Americans, who every summer make pilgrimage to Morwenstow and its fine old church. The Hon. Treasurer is W. Waddon Martyn, Esq., Tonacombe Manor, Morwenstow, Cornwall.—[Photograph by S. Thorn, Bude.]

the motive of his enterprise. When he is vague, I have often echoed the plaintive tale of the White Knight—

"Come, tell me how you live," I cried,
"And what it is you do."

There may have been a special motive for not proclaiming his own identity and pursuits, or his religious views, actuating the author of "THE HOLY CITIES OF ARABIA." By Eldon Rutter. With Frontispiece, Maps, and Plans. Two vols. (London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, Ltd.; £2 2s. the set). Even the publishers refrain from the accustomed "blurb." Practically all that Mr. Rutter tells us of himself by way of preface is: "In the month of May, 1925, I was in Cairo, having determined upon making a journey into Arabia. I planned to visit Mekka, to perform the rites of the Muhammadan pilgrimage there; and, having accomplished that, to visit El Medina, where lies the tomb of Muhammad."

Owing to the death of his proposed companion, a young Mekkan, "I was obliged to set out quite alone," he continues, "and to travel alone save for chance acquaintances whom I met on the way." It was indeed a daring programme, and one presupposing a peculiar knowledge of Arab customs and language. How completely he relied on his own resources appears later: "Here was I, dressed in nothing but two towels and a pair of sandals, standing, an hour before dawn, in the main street of Mekka, unknown to, and not knowing, a single soul in the city." But he had a letter of introduction.

I have not, so far, discovered in Mr. Rutter's work any profession of the Moslem faith, though he is evidently familiar with its observances; while, on the other hand, there is no insistent claim to have braved the dangers that beset an infidel. The pilgrimage has perils even for the faithful, as indicated when the author describes his first view of the Kaaba at "Mekka": "the great black-draped cube—that strange building, in the attempt to reach which tens of thousands, perhaps millions, of human beings have prematurely forfeited their lives; and seeing which unnumbered millions have felt themselves to be on the very threshold of Paradise." Mr. Rutter not only made the seven-fold circuit of the Kaaba, and kissed the Black Stone, but he also penetrated to the interior, an experience not without its humorous and ironic side, and differing somewhat from a visit to Westminster Abbey or Notre Dame.

"As I struggled to the threshold, the second youth placed one of his hands under my left arm, and he, too, helped me to scale the wall. I had begun to feel that I was as good as inside the House, when suddenly a great claw was laid upon my back, and another grasped my left leg. I was being pulled back to earth again, but still I struggled to get over the threshold, and still the Shaybi's youths hauled upon my arms. 'Let him be,' ordered one of the youths. 'His money is with us.' At that magic word the slave below relaxed his grip, and I stumbled breathlessly to my feet on the floor of the Kaaba. 'This is whom?' asked the Shaybi somnolently; but I was performing the prostration in honour of the Bayt Allah. I rose, and was in the act of walking into the pitch-dark interior of the House, when a man joined me—unseen but

desert," and by pilgrim ship from Bombay to Jeddeh. Here, too, we get a photograph of the Kaaba, while stress is laid on the taboo against the infidel. "For thirteen long centuries of world's history Mecca remains the one place in the entire globe where none but the Moslems can enter."

The author went to Mecca as a devout believer, and, having reached his goal, says: "From life I need nothing more." His vicissitudes at the sacred shrine, however, were apparently much the same as Mr. Rutter's. "On the day I made the sevenfold circumambulation, it (the Haram) was crowded by thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the East, eager to kiss the holy relic, access to which was only to be had after a rough-and-tumble. I succeeded at last, and was glad to get out and away from that scrimmage of devotees." An eminent Afghan Moslem had no need to avoid a touch of modernity, and his approach to the Holy City was a trifle unromantic. At Jeddeh "the guests of the King were bundled into a large Ford car," and faring thus toward Mecca, visited on the way the Tomb of Eve!

At one point "the venerable car" sank a rear wheel into a sand heap, "much to the contemptuous amusement of a passing Bedouin, who, from the back of his swift-trotting camel, jeered at us unmercifully. 'It serves you right for bringing that creation of Satan into the sacred land. Why can't you travel on camel-back like other folk? Take that iron devilment back to the Devil, who made it!'"

A striking feature of Sirdar Ikbâl's book is the easy and unforced English in which it is written—presumably his own, for nothing is said as to translation or editing. That he is also well versed in English literature appears from his chapter comparing Shakespeare



GEORGE BORROW'S BEER-JUG: AN INTERESTING ADDITION TO THE TREASURES OF THE BORROW HOUSE MUSEUM AT NORWICH.

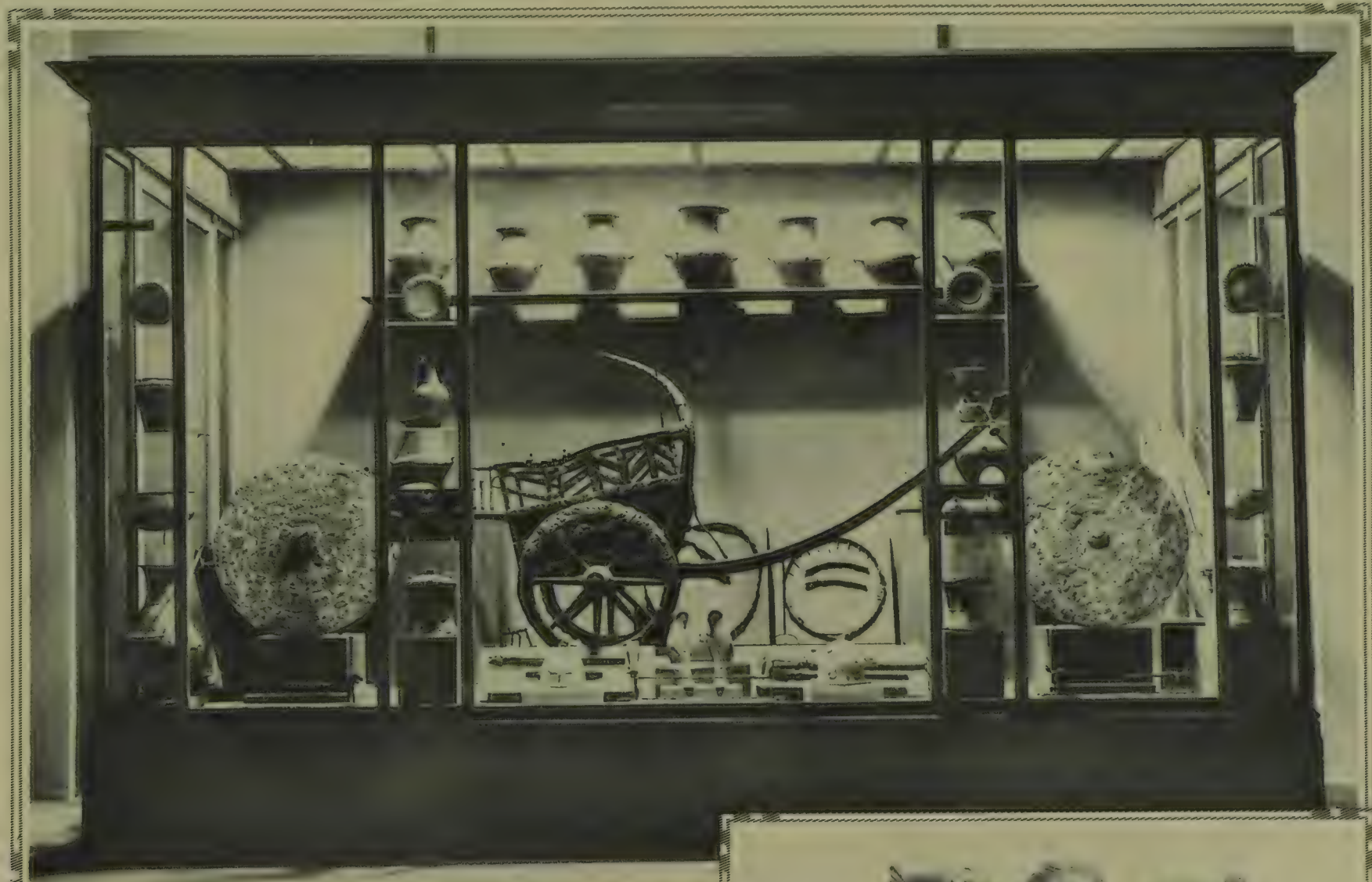
George Borrow's beer-jug has just been presented to the Borrow House Museum at Norwich by Mr. H. W. Greene, of Lincoln's Inn. Borrow's fondness for ale is well known to readers of his "Lavengro," "Wild Wales," and other works. When he lived at Brompton from 1860 to 1874, his next-door neighbour was Robert Collinson, the artist, in whose studio Borrow spent much time. As Borrow hated drinking from glasses, and Collinson objected to Borrow using his jug, he brought this one to the studio, where he kept it for his own use. The picturesque jug is of Staffordshire pottery, circa 1840-1850, with an Oriental design under glaze. It is 8 7/8 inches high, and octagonal in shape. Borrow House Museum, the Norwich home of George Borrow, was presented to the city by the present Financial Secretary to the Treasury, Mr. A. M. Samuel, M.P., when he was Lord Mayor of Norwich. He recently received the Freedom of the city.

Copyright Photograph by Courtesy of the Norwich Public Libraries Committee.

In the field of Asiatic travel I can commend several works that promise delectable evenings—namely, "TWELVE DAYS." An Account of a Journey across the Bakhtiari Mountains in South-Western Persia. By V. Sackville-West. Illustrated (Hogarth Press; 10s. 6d.); "UNDER PERSIAN SKIES." A Record of Travel by the old Caravan Routes of Western Persia. By Hermann Norden, F.R.G.S. With forty Plates and a Map in colour (Witherby; 16s.); "BAGHDAD AND POINTS EAST." Among the Wonder Cities of the Eastern World. By Robert J. Casey. With Frontispiece and twenty-nine other Illustrations (Hutchinson; 18s.); and "SIBERIAN DAYS." An Engineer's Record of Travel and Adventure in the Wilds of Siberia. By Algernon Noble. With Photographs (Witherby; 22s. 6d.). Finally, that part of Africa where the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Gloucester lately went on safari supplies a racy yarn of hunting and prospecting, by a sportsman in his early twenties, entitled "DESERTS IDLE." By Michael H. Mason. Illustrated (Hodder and Stoughton; 20s.). The author tells the tale, as man to man, with much freedom of speech, and accompanies it with many excellent photographs. He introduces himself briefly, but sufficiently, as "not an authority on anything," and describes his book as "just a simple record of the things that actually happened to a casual young man who absent-mindedly wandered into Central Africa, travelling very much 'on the cheap.'" It is often the casual people, I think, who get the best adventures. C. E. B.

A NEW CHAPTER OF ITALY'S PAST: PICENIAN RELICS AT ANCONA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ITALIAN DEPARTMENT OF ARCHÆOLOGY. SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR F. HALBHERR.



THE "GEM" OF THE NEW TREASURE-HOUSE OF PICENIAN ANTIQUITIES: THE FAMOUS CHARIOT (*BIGA*), WITH THREE GREAT COPPER SHIELDS, AND OTHER RELICS FROM A PRINCELY TOMB AT FABRIANO.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE NEW PICENIAN MUSEUM HOUSED IN AN OLD CONVENT AT ANCONA: GIORGIO DA SEBENICO'S FINE DOORWAY ADDED IN 1455 TO A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY CHURCH.



A "MERMAN" WITH FOUR SNAKE-LIKE LEGS: THE ANSA (HANDLE) OF A HUGE BRONZE VASE, PROBABLY ETRUSCAN—ONE OF THE FINEST PIECES IN THE COLLECTIONS AT ANCONA.

"The Picenian antiquities," writes Professor Halbherr, "keep a place apart in the field of early Italian archæology. Almost entirely unknown before the excavations of the late Professor Dall'Osso and those of Dr. Moretti, the monuments of ancient Picenum (modern Marche) now form the bulk of the new Italian Museum, recently inaugurated by King Victor at Ancona. It occupies the Convent of San Francesco delle Scale, built in 1742 close to a fourteenth-century church, which have both been restored at a cost of over 500,000 lire. . . . The new entrance is through a fine doorway by Giorgio da Sebenico, who perfected the church façade in 1455. We are indebted to Professor Paribeni, the well-known Roman archæologist, for the following notes: The most important and distinctive collections are those representing races that dwelt in that region before the Roman conquest—Picenians, Greeks, and Gauls. . . . Unique treasures, not to be seen in any other museum in Italy, are the Picenian bronze war-chariots. . . . Some of the tombs excavated were of princely magnificence, such as that discovered at Fabriano with two bronze helmets, three huge shields of copper, and two bronze war-chariots, one of which, restored, is seen above. Its resemblance to Egyptian wood *biga* is striking."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

"HERRINGS" AT MY LORD MAYOR'S FEAST.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

OUR England is commonly supposed to be a somewhat dreary place during the winter months, which begin with November, the month of leaden skies and fogs. As a matter of fact, this is commonly far from being true. For myself I have no hard words for the winter months. They, too, have their charm—as, indeed, they must have for all who find delight in watching the changing face of Nature. Even those who are strangers to these blissful vigils find November something of a month of promise. Is not one of the greatest feasts of the year held in November? On the 9th day of that month my Lord Mayor of London, with all the pomp and ceremony which is so fitting to the occasion, sits at the head of his table in the Guildhall to entertain a great gathering of our wisest and most famous men. The very thought of what is in store for them as they take their seats sets one's mouth watering and pulses beating; though, being neither wise nor famous, we realise that we cannot be there. We try to recall the taste of turtle-soup and whitebait,

But besides these almost incredible numbers taken by the "Toilers of the Sea," incalculable multitudes are swallowed alive by hordes of creatures which, like "ravening wolves," pursue them night and day. When they assemble in their myriads on their breeding-grounds they are harried by vast shoals of had-

long, it would seem, as we take care to keep our estuaries clean and free from floating oil, so long, we may take it, shall we all of us, in the sea and out of it, be able to reckon on our due ration of herrings. Pollution of these waters, it is clear, spells disaster.

Not all "whitebait" are young herrings. Some, a small percentage, are young sprats. But the eggs of the sprat, curiously enough, are laid out in the deeper waters of the sea, where they float. But the young drift shorewards, and so share the fate of the young herrings. Another very near relation of the herring which is heavily taxed by the "Lord of Creation" is the pilchard (Fig. 3). Very like a herring in appearance, but smaller, it is taken in great numbers off our Cornish coast; but, curiously enough, as a food-fish we do not esteem it. Practically all that are

caught are pickled, packed in barrels, and sent abroad. But, if we turn the cold shoulder to the parents, we eagerly welcome their youngsters, who come to us from France embalmed in oil as "sardines."

The life history of the pilchard was for a long time but very imperfectly known. Thanks, however, to the investigations of the Marine Biological Laboratory at Plymouth, the gaps in our knowledge have largely been filled up. The accompanying illustration (Fig. 2) shows two of the larval stages from the Plymouth Laboratory.

In the younger specimen, as in so many young fish, there is an extensive dorsal fin running continuously from the fore part of the back to, and including, the tail-fin. Presently bony fin-rays develop towards the tail, and, as these grow, the rest of the fin, which has no supporting skeleton, disappears, during which process the true tail-fin, and the "anal" and "ventral" fins of the under surface, make their appearance, as in the lower figure.

Anchovies, we may be quite sure, found a place at the festive board on November 9. Yet I suspect that few of those present, or "unavoidably absent," realise that the anchovy (Fig. 1) is one of our native fishes. But it is nowhere numerous in our waters. We get our supplies from Holland, the warm waters of the Zuyder Zee being one of its favoured breeding-grounds, where its buoyant eggs are laid during June and July, while in the Bay of Naples the spawning period extends from May to September. We have, however, as yet much to learn of the early stages of development. We have yet to discover why it is that, of these four closely related species, the



FIG. 1. ANOTHER NEAR RELATIVE OF THE HERRING, AND LIKEWISE REPRESENTED AT THE LORD MAYOR'S FEAST: THE ANCHOVY.

The anchovy, though one of our native fishes, is never taken in large numbers. But there is an extensive fishery in Holland, where the warm waters of the Zuyder Zee afford it the necessary conditions for breeding. The earlier larval stages of development have yet to be made out.

docks, which literally gorge themselves on the helpless victims. But, besides the raids of these and other fish, whales and porpoises pursue them from below, and birds from above. And yet—they leave ten thousand million for us! But more than this. Hosts

of creatures batten upon their eggs, and hosts more, including Lord Mayors and their guests, consume their tender offspring. And yet ten thousand million are left for us—and then some!

If the herring ever adopts "birth-control" we shall all be hard hit. The more we strive to grasp the savageness of this slaughter, the more staggering it becomes. The

numbers of the victims seem to be as the sands of the seashore: nevertheless, for every victim killed, two seem to arise in replenishment. The herring is not an exceptionally prolific fish, as families among fishes go, for it lays no more than round about 50,000 eggs, as against some 6,000,000 in the case of the full-grown cod, or 28,800,000 in the

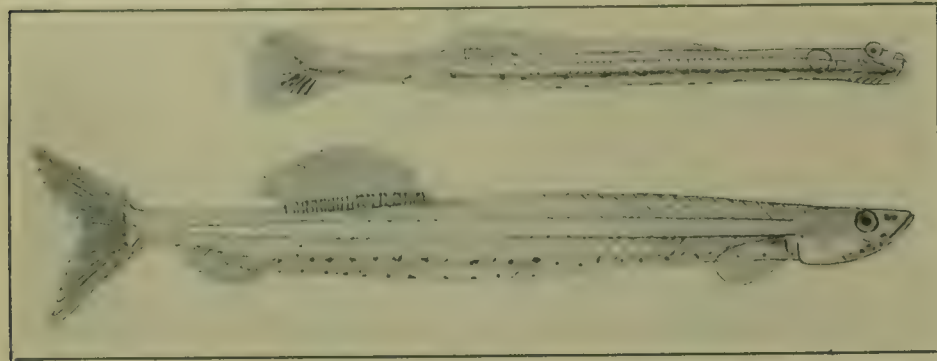


FIG. 2. LARVAL STAGES OF THE PILCHARD, BEFORE THE "SARDINE" PERIOD: A YOUNGER SPECIMEN (ABOVE) WITH A LONG DORSAL FIN; AND A LATER ONE, WITH FIN-RAYS AND TAIL-FIN DEVELOPED.

It is only within recent years that the larval stages of the pilchard have been studied, at Plymouth. A little later in their growth they are caught in large numbers on the west coast of France, from Brest and La Rochelle, when, preserved in oil, they are sold as "sardines."

venison-pasties and game-pies, of rare fruits and "wine that maketh glad the heart of man." At the mere idea of it all—if we are built the right way—we feel the better.

Just now my thoughts turn more especially to whitebait. And they have been directed into this channel by a few lines in my newspaper which caught my eye no longer ago than yesterday, telling me that the largest catch of herrings made this season had just been landed at Great Yarmouth, a catch which amounted to no less than 300,000 fish. Now, what have plebeian herrings to do with whitebait? You will find no herrings at my Lord Mayor's feast—at least, not under that name. I hesitated at this point, for what I am about to say may seem to make what I have just said insincere—nay, even mischievous, as though I would accuse the master-cooks who prepare the table meats for that august banquet of sending up dishes under false names. But they are blameless: I doubt even whether more than a very few—say, the President of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries and a few of his friends—know that whitebait are—young herrings! But they will keep a discreet silence.

Nor will I take it upon myself to admonish my Lord Mayor on the waste of these young creatures—fried to a delicious crispness—which, but for this occasion, might have grown up to full herring-hood. Let me rather excuse him, if I do no more, for this item on the menu, by giving a brief history of what happens to the herring in his pond. Surely never was there a fish which so flourished under ruthless persecution. A few whitebait more or less can make no difference when we reflect that somewhere round about ten thousand million full-grown herrings are landed every year at our various fishing-ports!

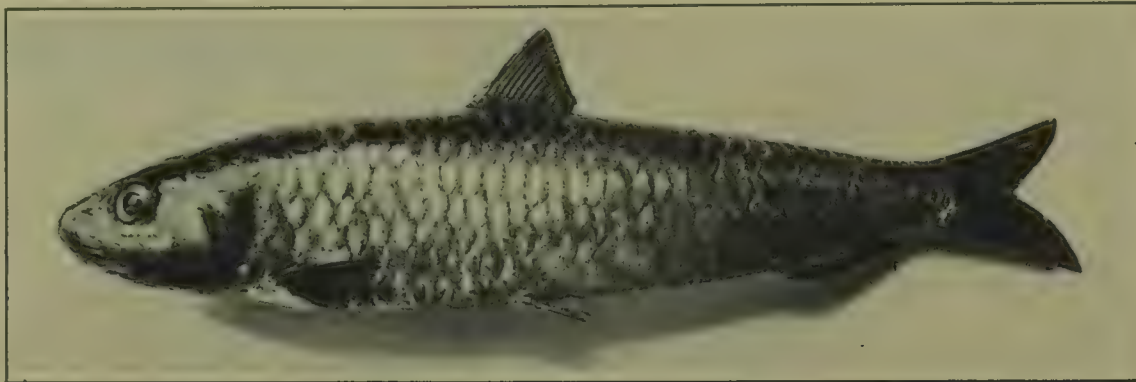


FIG. 3. A RELATIVE OF THE HERRING, AND PARENT OF THE "SARDINE": THE PILCHARD—A FISH COMMON IN CORNWALL, WHOSE YOUNG REACH US "EMBALMED IN OIL" FROM FRANCE.

The pilchard is smaller than the herring, and has much larger scales; in some respects it more nearly resembles the shads than the sprat or the herring. But the shads, of which we have two species, are much larger.

fully adult ling. Its eggs, which are adhesive and stick to the sea-floor, are laid in estuaries; and the playground of the young is always close in shore. Off Plymouth I have seen them, where they are known as "brit," turning and twisting in myriads at the surface, as though revelling in the sunlit waters. So

herring is so vastly more numerous. It is fortunate for us that this should be so, for, though all have their merits, as an "all-round" food fish the herring is best—"and so say all of us," echo the whales and the porpoises, the haddocks and the crabs and the birds.

TELESCOPES TO REVEAL 500 MILLION MORE STARS TO THE CAMERA.

Drawings by SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., F.R.S.A. THE LARGER ONE FROM DETAILS IN THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN," (COPYRIGHTED.)

LARGE MIRROR

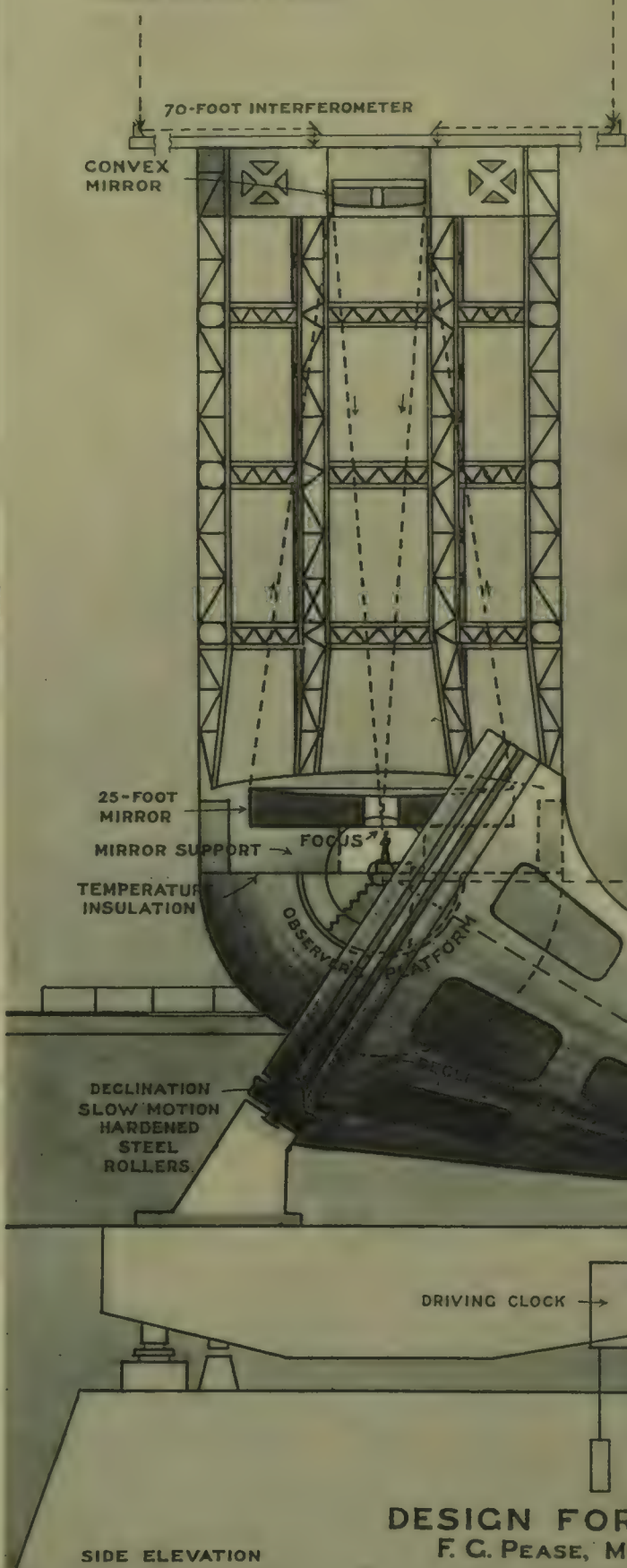
APERTURE 300 IN. FOCAL LENGTH 1000 IN.

CONVEX MIRROR

APERTURE 100 IN.

TUBE 35 FEET DIAM. 86 FEET LONG

DOVE 200 FEET DIAM.



CONVEX MIRROR

70-FOOT INTERFEROMETER

25-FOOT MIRROR

MIRROR SUPPORT FOCUS

TEMPERATURE INSULATION

DECLINATION SLOW MOTION HARDENED STEEL ROLLERS

40-FOOT DIAM. WORM WHEEL

PHOTOGRAPHIC DARK ROOM

RIGHT ASCENSION FAST MOTION

DRIVING CLOCK

AZIMUTH ADJUSTMENT

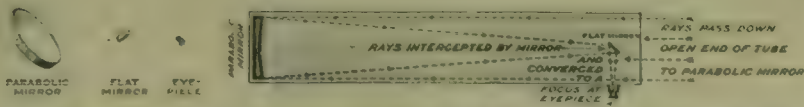
EXPANSION BEARINGS ALTITUDE ADJUSTMENT

DESIGN FOR A MONSTER TELESCOPE
F. C. PEASE, MT. WILSON OBSERVATORY, CALIF.

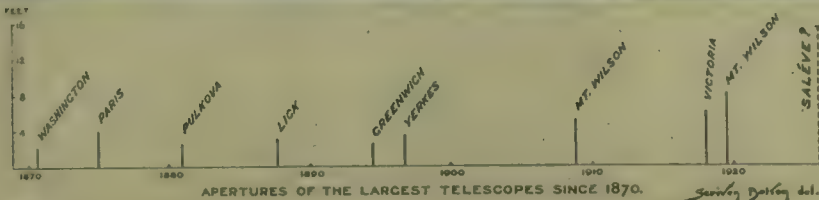
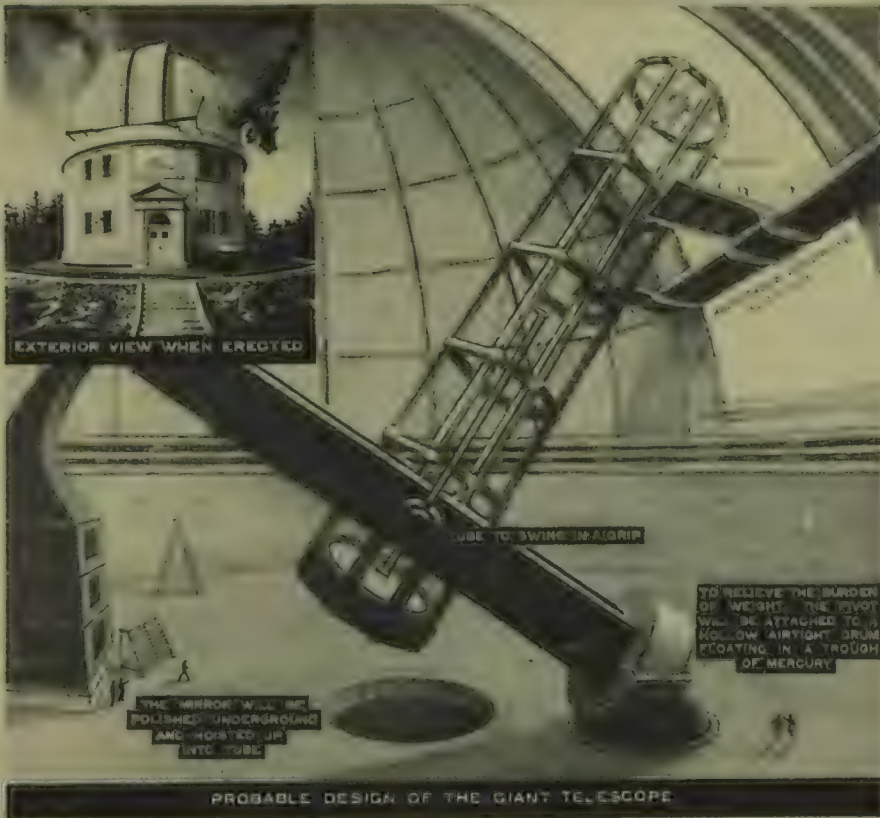
SIDE ELEVATION

Scriven Bolton del.

0 10 20 30 40 50 60 FEET



THE THREE OPTICAL PARTS OF A REFLECTING TELESCOPE ARE HELD IN POSITION BY A SKELETON TUBE



LARGER THAN THE PROJECTED GIANT TELESCOPE: A DESIGN WITH A 300-INCH REFLECTOR; AND ANOTHER (INSET).

"It has been recently announced," writes Professor H. H. Turner, F.R.S. (in the "Observer"), "that funds have been provided for the construction and maintenance of a telescope with a reflector of 200 inches in diameter, double the width of the largest existing reflector, that of the Hooker telescope on Mount Wilson. . . . The construction of a large telescope, even so large as 300 inches in diameter, had been under consideration for some years." The cost, however, was prohibitive. "Though the proposed diameter has been reduced from 300 inches to 200 inches," continues Professor Turner, "there is now every prospect that within ten years this giant will come into being and open our eyes to new wonders." The Institute of Technology of California has announced a gift of funds for the project from the International Education Board, and has appointed

an "observatory council" under the chairmanship of Dr. George Ellery Hale, to carry it out; if possible, on a mountain top near Mount Wilson. Astronomers expect the new telescope to add some 500,000,000 more stars to the 1,500,000,000 already brought within photographic range by the existing Mount Wilson telescopes. The larger drawing above was done (before the recent announcement) to show the design of a telescope with a mirror of 300-inch diameter, on the scale previously contemplated. The height of the dome was estimated at 200 ft., and the cost at £2,400,000. The smaller inset drawing (done last year) shows a design for a 200-inch diameter telescope on Mount Salève (in French territory, south-east of Geneva). It was described as the private enterprise of Hassan Dina, owner of a large estate on that mountain.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"TARTUFFE."

THE combination of the world-famous film-star, Emil Jannings, and the almost equally famous producer, F. W. Murnau, is sufficient in itself to create unusual interest in the German film of "Tartuffe," in which their forces are combined. As a rule, the film-going public, like the play-going public, which is familiar with the names of scores of actors and actresses, their private histories, their pets, and their children, has but scant knowledge of those powers behind the scenes, the producers. But to this rule there are exceptions. A colourful production, a definitely new note struck, will bring a producer's name to the fore. He has appealed to the public's imagination; his name becomes a hall-mark for a certain type of work. Thus Fritz Lang, whose "Siegfried" escaped the attention of the majority, touched the popular chord with his much inferior "Metropolis." Murnau, whose "Faust," for all its shortcomings, was a beautiful picture, caught the average film-goer's fancy with "Sunrise," which he made in America. Lang and Murnau are names that do convey something to quite a number of people now. A Murnau production is as eagerly awaited—or very nearly so—as a new Emil Jannings film.

Thus it may be that with the two names linked together, in the screen adaptation of a great classic to boot, expectation rose beyond normal bounds, and disappointment lay very close at hand. Frankly, "Tartuffe," which was introduced to London by the Sunday Film Society, shows neither Murnau nor Jannings at his best. It is slow, ponderous, and lacking in dramatic tension. Shorn of Molière's brilliant lines, this story of an insufferable hypocrite is singularly unattractive, even though Murnau, presumably to counteract the ugliness of his theme—for, without its verbal splendours, it is ugly—has reconstructed an ornate period with meticulous care and with many beautiful effects.

Molière's play has been provided with a modern prologue and epilogue. A wealthy ancient is in the hands of his hideous and wicked old housekeeper. Under her influence he has turned his grandson—a film-actor!—out of doors. In order to open his grandfather's rheumy eyes, the lad dons wig and beard, and, arriving with a travelling kinema show, proceeds to reel off the tale of Tartuffe before his audience of two. We are therefore in the position of peeping over their shoulders. This prologue seems to me both unnecessary and long-winded. The Murnau method is deliberate. Small actions are recorded with extraordinary thoroughness. The pulling-up of a blind, the parting of curtains, the opening of a cupboard door take on the importance of a ceremony. Often one suspects that Murnau's sheer joy in devising new light-effects tempts him to linger unduly over minor



A TEUTONIC FILM VERSION OF MOLIÈRE'S "TARTUFFE": EMIL JANNINGS IN THE TITLE PART, WITH LIL DAGOVER AS ELMIRE, AT THE AVENUE PAVILION, IN SHAFTESBURY AVENUE.

incidents, though he might seek justification in the fact that he does thereby create atmosphere. But it is a little irritating to be forced to spend so much time cracking the shell when the kernel is our chief—indeed, our only—concern. Having got to it at last, it reveals itself as a wholly artificial affair, entirely devoid of humour and, strangely enough, of human nature. This Tartuffe, this Orgon, this Elmire, they are not human beings exaggerated in their vices, their virtues, and their weaknesses by the pen of a satirist. They are elaborate puppets, moving extravagantly, distorted out of all semblance to reality, strangely reminiscent of the movements of a diver under water. It would seem that Mr. Murnau was more attracted by the pictorial value of Molière's immortal characters than by their inwardness. Most of the action takes place on the winding marble stairs and wide corridors, tier above tier, of Orgon's well-appointed mansion. Up and down these stairs, with their wrought-iron balustrades and rococo candelabra, Elmire flutters in hooped satin and filmy laces. Lackeys rush to wait upon the arch-humbler, Tartuffe. Murnau likes them to rush with tall candlesticks in their hands, lighting up their faces and casting queer shadows on the walls. His *soubrette* rarely moves about the house without such a candle, obviously electric of high power, carefully held at the requisite angle, illuminating her comely features. The effect is pleasing, but of no particular help to the drama. Such drama, such humanity, as there is has been brought into the film by Lil Dagover, the Elmire. She does not forget

to be beautiful; she falls into the producer's poses with all the grace and amiability in the world; but she remembers that she has a heart—that Elmire, artificial and *poseuse* perhaps, yet stood for a woman who loved and suffered. And prettily, but withal quite convincingly, Lil Dagover loves and suffers. She is wholly charming.

Amongst the *dramatis personæ* in the programme Tartuffe appears as "Herr" Tartuffe. It may not be a slip, for Emil Jannings certainly plays the part as "Herr" Tartuffe. His version is wholly Teutonic. The sanctimonious scoundrel, robbing his dupe and ready to "sin in secret," becomes, in Mr. Jannings's hands, an ominous brute, grossly repulsive from the outset, with no visible veneer of sanctity wherewith to deceive his disciple and not the smallest grain of unconscious humour such as the Latin temperament finds and imparts to us even in this character of Tartuffe. Not thus could Elmire's husband, however foolish, have been caught. Not thus, certainly, can the true spirit of Molière be conveyed. The third party of the classic triangle, Orgon, is played by Werner Krauss, for once completely miscast. His portly person and dignity of manner are out of place as the weak victim of Tartuffe's hypocrisy. It needed a romantic touch to meet Elmire's infatuation as well as to relieve a dull character, and the romantic touch is not in the possession of Mr. Krauss.

There remains, then, the beauty of

setting, and that is undisputed. The use of the soaring flights of steps was an inspiration. Tartuffe's formidable breakfast is spread on a high terrace-nook, lifted above formal gardens—one of those enchanting angles we owe to Murnau's vision. For its architectural charms and its technical achievements, "Tartuffe" is worth seeing.

SCREEN PERSONALITIES—JAMESON THOMAS.

Prior to its general release on Nov. 5, London had a chance of seeing Mr. Arthur Maude's first production for British International Pictures at the Plaza. There, by the side of a typically American Bébè Daniels comedy, smooth, sophisticated, amusing, and unreal, the British film, "Poppies of Flanders," held the screen for a week. It, too, is typical. Uncompromising in its direct statement; no nonsense about the photography, just good plain black and white photography; no nonsense about the sentiment either—all thoroughly British. But it grips, because it is sincere. The story has been supplied by "Sapper," and is in the nature of well-planned melodrama. It concerns a derelict gentleman who is drinking himself to death



"THE 'RONALD COLMAN' OF BRITISH FILMS": JAMESON THOMAS AS "BROWN," WITH EVE GRAY AS BERYL KINGSWOOD, IN "POPPIES OF FLANDERS," AT THE PLAZA THEATRE.

somewhere out in Africa. For the sake of a woman he pulls himself together. Then he discovers that she loves another man. Again for her sake, he saves this man's life at the cost of his own, somewhere in France, during the Great War. That is all actually, but the character of the man "Brown," hiding his real identity and his title under this useful pseudonym, is drawn with sympathy and with insight. It is, moreover, realised by an English actor who is at last getting the recognition that should have been his some time ago. Jameson Thomas has one of the strongest screen personalities I know. A smallish man and almost over-slender, with no particular mannerisms, unless a most telling stillness can be accounted as one, Jameson Thomas can arrest and hold the attention of the audience without any visible effort. He possesses great emotional powers, yet to express emotion, to convey this emotion to us, he uses methods that seem utterly simple and are, at any rate, fastidiously frugal. Tragedy and pain can dwell in his eyes alone, the poise of his body can convey a world of meaning. He is a born film-actor, in that he knows exactly what the camera wants. Not a handsome man (though the suave screening that turns Miss Daniels into a beauty might make him one), he is yet undeniably attractive even facing the forthright photography of Mr. Maude's production. Above all, a man who can indicate a quality of breeding though his chin shows a six days' stubble and his clothes are in rags. He is exactly the right type of actor for the right sort of British films: a manly man with plenty of grit, yet able to supply the sentiment demanded by screen drama without the sacrifice of either quality. Jameson Thomas is the Ronald Colman of British films.



IN A NEW FILM OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION: DOLORES DEL RIO AS TASIA, AND CHARLES FARRELL AS THE GRAND DUKE EUGENE, IN "THE RED DANCER OF MOSCOW," AT THE NEW GALLERY.

It was arranged to produce the European *première* of the new Fox film, "The Red Dancer of Moscow," at the New Gallery, Regent Street, without the synchronised Movietone accompaniment.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN:

A PAGE OF PERSONALITIES.



THE WIFE OF THE PRIMATE OF ALL IRELAND LAYS A FOUNDATION-STONE: MRS. D'ARCY AND THE PORTADOWN CHURCH WAR MEMORIAL TOWER.

Mrs. D'Arcy, wife of the Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland (Church of Ireland), laid the foundation-stone on Nov. 1. Dr. D'Arcy is seen on her left hand.



MRS. WILLEBRANDT.

An outstanding figure in the Presidential campaign in the United States. Appealed to the Methodist Churches to vote for "dry" Mr. Hoover. Is the Assistant Attorney-General of the United States.



VISITING ENGLAND ONCE AGAIN: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF SPAIN, WITH THE PRINCESS BEATRICE, HER ELDER DAUGHTER.

Comparatively speaking, her Majesty is a frequent visitor to this country. On the present occasion, she is accompanied by both her daughters, the Princesses Beatrice and Maria.



A WEDDING PRESENT FROM MEMBERS OF THE PARLIAMENT OF NORTHERN IRELAND TO A WOMAN M.P.: THE SPEAKER HANDS THE CUP TO MRS. PARKER.

Members of the Parliament of Northern Ireland united in making a wedding present to Mrs. Parker, a fellow member. Mr. Hugh O'Neill (shown with cup) is the first Speaker of the House of Commons, N. Ireland.



ENGAGED: LADY LOUGHBOROUGH (FORMERLY MISS SHEILA CHISHOLM) AND SIR JOHN MILBANKE, WHO HAS BEEN CALLED "THE BOXING BARONET."

It was reported the other day that Lady Loughborough, whose marriage was dissolved two years ago, was engaged to Sir John Milbanke, the eleventh Baronet. Lady Loughborough is very popular in Society. Sir John is in business.



Princess Françoise is the second daughter of the Duke of Guise and sister of the Duchess of Apulia. Prince Christopher is the youngest brother of the late King Constantine of the Hellenes, and a nephew of the late Queen Alexandra. The Prince has been a widower since 1923.

ENGAGED: PRINCESS FRANÇOISE DE FRANCE AND PRINCE CHRISTOPHER OF THE HELLENES.



GIVEN POLITICAL POWERS EQUAL TO THOSE OF A CABINET MINISTER: MRS. CHIANG KAI-SHEK, WIFE OF THE NATIONALIST PRESIDENT OF CHINA. Mrs. Chiang Kai-shek has been appointed a member of the Legislative Board. She is under thirty. She is a sister of the Finance Minister, Mr. T. V. Soong, and of Mrs. Sun Yat-sen. She is seen with an "Illustrated London News."



A GREAT LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER AS AIRWOMAN: SEÑORITA DE ALVAREZ ABOUT TO TAKE HER FIRST FLIGHT—WITH SIR SAMUEL AND LADY MAUD HOARE. Señorita de Alvarez, who is very much the all-round sportswoman, had her first lesson in flying the other day, at the Stag Lane Aerodrome. She has not decided whether she will try to qualify for a pilot's certificate. Sir Samuel Hoare became Secretary for Air in November 1924.



SEEKING A SPEED TRACK IN THE SAHARA: CAPT. MALCOLM CAMPBELL ABOUT TO FLY FROM CROYDON; WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN. Captain Campbell flew from Croydon on November 3 on the first stage of his journey to the Sahara, where he hopes to find a stretch of sand suitable for his next attempt to beat the world motor-car speed record. He needs a length of twelve miles of hard, level "going."

THE NEW RECTOR OF ST. ANDREWS

IN THE LAND OF HIS FAME: GRENFELL OF LABRADOR AT WORK.



ELECTED RECTOR OF ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY: SIR WILFRED GRENFELL, OF LABRADOR FAME, IN AN ESKIMO KAYAK PUTTING OUT TO INSPECT AN ICEBERG OFF ST. ANTHONY.



"WINTER SPORT" IN LABRADOR: CHILDREN OF AN ORPHANAGE FOUNDED BY SIR WILFRED GRENFELL AT ST. ANTHONY ENJOYING SLIDES DOWN A BANK OF SNOW.



HOSPITAL DAY AT ST. ANTHONY, LABRADOR, WHERE EVERY MAN GIVES ONE DAY OF LABOUR—USUALLY IN CHOPPING WOOD-FUEL—FOR THE HOSPITAL, AND A DAY IS APPOINTED EACH YEAR FOR BRINGING THE WOOD TO THE HOSPITAL: SLEDGE-LOADS DRAWN BY DOG-TEAMS ARRIVING.



THE GRENFELL NURSING SERVICE IN LABRADOR: A VISITING NURSE STARTING OUT ON HER ROUNDS BY SLEDGE FROM THE CENTRAL GRENFELL HOSPITAL AT ST. ANTHONY.

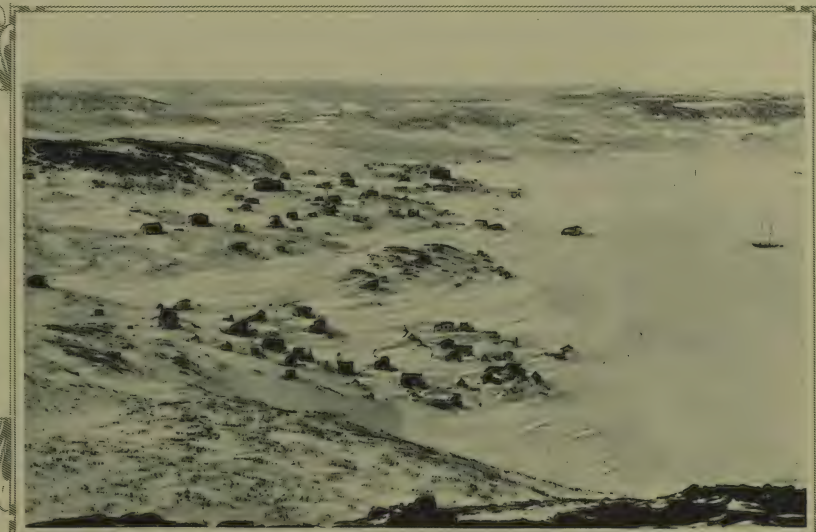


SIR WILFRED GRENFELL (RIGHT) WITH ONE OF HIS ASSISTANTS, DR. CHARLES S. CURTIS, EXAMINING A PIECE OF DRIFTWOOD BELIEVED TO BE PART OF THE LOST ATLANTIC AIRPLANE, "OLD GLORY."



ANOTHER FORM OF "WINTER SPORT" IN THE SNOWY WASTES OF LABRADOR: THE START OF AN ANNUAL DOG-TEAM RACE FROM ONE OF THE HOSPITAL CENTRES OF THE GRENFELL SYSTEM.

THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE GRENFELL MEDICAL MISSION IN LABRADOR: A GENERAL VIEW OF ST. ANTHONY, SHOWING A TWO-MASTED MISSION SCHOONER IN THE HARBOUR, WHICH IS FROZEN OVER.



Sir Wilfred Grenfell, the well-known medical missionary who has done such splendid work in Labrador, was on November 3 elected Rector of St. Andrews University, by a majority of 157 votes over the opposing candidate, Lord Melchett. The new Rector's career during the last thirty years has been an epic of philanthropy in one of the bleakest and most desolate regions of the world, where, before his time, life was terribly hard for the inhabitants, lacking even the simplest forms of medical aid. When Dr. Grenfell (as he was before he received the K.C.M.G. last year) came to London a few years ago to lecture on behalf of his mission, the following summary of his work was given. "In 1902, at the suggestion of Lord Southborough, Dr. Grenfell first visited the coasts of Labrador and North Newfoundland in a hospital sailing ship. From this simple beginning . . . there have grown up along about 1000 miles of coast a chain of 6 hospitals, 2 orphanages, some small schools, an industrial work, a large Seamen's Institute at St. John's, Newfoundland, a hospital steamer, and a

fleet of auxiliary power yawls connected with the various hospital centres. When the winter ice cuts off communication with the outside world, and the floating population has departed, boats are laid up and part of the hospitals are closed. Dog teams are then used and long patrols established. . . . In one year the Medical Mission has treated over 12,000 patients." Sir Wilfred Grenfell was educated at Marlborough and Oxford, where he played "Rugger" for the University. He has just written a new book, called "Labrador Looks at the Orient," the successor to several others, including "The Autobiography of a Labrador Doctor." The aeroplane "Old Glory," left Maine, U.S.A., on September 6, 1927, with three occupants (L. Bertraud, J. D. Hill, and Philip Payne), to fly to Rome, and was lost in the Atlantic, where the wreckage was afterwards picked up. The Labrador Award of last year, it may be recalled, settled the frontier disputed between Canada and Newfoundland in favour of the latter, which received a vast region rich in spruce fir forests used in paper-making from wood-pulp.

A MYSTERY WOMAN: MRS. CHAIKOVSKI, OR THE GRAND DUCHESS ANASTASIA?

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"ANASTASIA: THE SURVIVOR OF EKATERINBURG?"*

(PUBLISHED BY G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

ILLUSTRATING the improbable, "a favourite Buddhist parable tells of a blind tortoise, which lives at the bottom of the sea, whose eye is in the middle of its lower plate. Once every three thousand years it rises to the surface; and there, if it finds a plank with a hole in it, and if it rests on the plank with its abdominal eye over the hole, and if the waves turn the tortoise and the plank upside down, the creature will see the sun." Thus "Chinese Ghouls and Goblins."

The saw has its significance in the affair of that "Mrs. Chaikovski" who protests that she is the Grand Duchess Anastasia, fourth daughter of the murdered Emperor Nicholas II., escaped from the Red shambles; and is said to be about to reassert her claims to name, and possibly to fortune, in the law courts of the United States. The "ifs" are vital. Giving in *The Illustrated London News* of July 16, 1927, a condensed version of the article, "L'Histoire d'une Imposture," by M. Pierre Gilliard, tutor to the late Tsarevitch, we used the heading, "The Remarkable Modern 'Tichborne Case.'" Many accepted it as apt; more will be inclined to do so after they have weighed the arguments in "Anastasia: The Survivor of Ekaterinburg?" judging the jacket wiser than the title-page in that it favours the mark of interrogation!

The romance began, it will be recalled, when a "fräulein unbekannt" was dragged out of the Landwehrkanal by the police on Feb. 17, 1920, nineteen months after the tragedy of the cellar.

For some two years, the girl was silent as to her antecedents; a shy, ungrateful, sullen mystery. Then a sufferer in the same Berlin hospital discovered in her a striking resemblance to the Grand Duchess Tatiana, the second daughter of the Tsar; and, later, confounded by a comparison of heights, concluded that she must be Anastasia. Before long the strange patient was avowing that she was in truth the youngest daughter of the last Autocrat of All the Russias. She told her story with considerable detail, but in fragmentary fashion, "during a period of weeks and months": the skeleton had to be articulated by the experts. Lacunæ were put down to loss of memory consequent upon horrifying experiences and brutal blows with the butt of a rifle.

Briefly, her tale was that she had been left for dead; had been smuggled away by a Roman Catholic Pole of the guard, whom she knew only as Chaikovski; had been taken to his farm; and, eventually, had been carted secretly across the Rumanian frontier to Bucharest, where she had married her saviour, by whom she had already had a son. "Shortly afterwards," she continued, "her husband was shot by the Bolsheviks. She maintained the whole family by selling the pearls and brilliants which she, like the other Princesses, had sewn into her clothing. . . . After the murder of her husband, she travelled with the latter's brother in February, 1920, to Berlin by way of the so-called 'Green Frontier,' in order to visit her mother's sister, Princess Henry, at Hemmelmark, in Schleswig. . . . Wholly overcome by despair, she made the attempt at suicide. . . ."

Frequent endeavour has failed to verify her account in full. Of part of it there has seemed to be confirmation; of at least a moiety no positive proofs have been presented. In the minds of the believers this is easily accounted for: the grave will not give up its dead; the Soviet can instil fear; the mind has not recovered from the results of the wounds and the wanderings. Detractors will call that the easy way out!

What is certain is that "Miss Anny" has evinced extraordinary intimacy with personal matters with which it would appear she could only be familiar were she indeed the woman she says she is. The opposition's reply is that she could have been prompted; that there are books and papers she could have read and pictures she could have seen; and that those about her innocently and unconsciously "fed" her with facts, suggested to her ideas and happenings that were produced subsequently, and received as unaided recollections. In justice, however, it must be emphasised that the engrossing "problem"-book written in all sincerity by Mrs. H. von Rathlef-Keilmann, and edited by Mr. P. S. von Kügelgen, presents

a large number of instances of particular knowledge. "Anastasia" was aware that the first of the shaven-heads photographs published by *L'Illustration* and by ourselves was taken in the garden at Tsarskoe Selo although she could not have seen the reproductions. She selected "Tobolsk period" drawings of animal-humans from the mass. There is the typical example from the notes of Duke George von Leuchtenberg: "The wife of General Hesse, the widow of the former governor of the Tsar's palace, often came to visit us. One fine day, she sought out the invalid—whom, in general, she did not acknowledge—by herself, and asked her a series of questions which she could not answer. Finally, she asked, 'Who is Conrad?' (or Konrad), whereupon, instead of answering, the invalid smiled and imitated the action of playing a piano. The general's wife made no secret to the Duke and his family of her astonishment at this. She said: 'Now to-day your invalid has really surprised me. For even at the Court, the piano-player Conrad was known by hardly anyone, his name was scarcely mentioned. He used to give the princesses piano lessons. Even I should hardly have known of this insignificant personage, if the Tsaritsa had not arranged that he should give lessons to my daughter as well.'"

And, equally: Professor S. M. Rudnev, Surgeon at the Mommsen Sanatorium, Berlin, testifies: "I had myself once had an opportunity of seeing the Grand Duchess Anastasia with her sister, the Grand Duchess Tatiana, in the palace at Moscow, on the day war was declared. At the time, I was going with Professor S. T. Feodorov along the side of the palace by the Troitski Gate. While we were walking we were pelted with balls of paper from a window of the palace. I asked S. T. Feodorov who could

have thrown the paper out of the window, on which he replied: 'Shall we cross over to the railings on the other side?' And there we saw both the Grand Duchesses, Anastasia and Tatiana, in white dresses; they quickly withdrew from the window when they saw us. Remembering this incident, which I had related to no one, I asked the patient: 'Tell me, what were you doing at the window of the palace on the day his Majesty declared war?' The patient was thoughtful, then she burst out laughing impulsively, and said: 'Shame! Shame! My sister and I were playing the fool, and were pelting the passers-by with little paper balls.' Thought-reading suggests itself: but the Doctor discounts any likelihood of this.

"Trivialities," the scoffers will sneer; "points 'mugged up,' they will repeat, 'or unwittingly provided by tattling émigrés and hoarded for future use.' The adherents will retort: "Trivialities, if you will; but very significant trivialities; such little things are not chronicled and are not recounted. And there are scores of other instances—phases of merely family importance; names that are not common property; consciousness of doings that none but a participant could have had; memories of minutiae that could not be learnt from outsiders or even from former movers in Court circles, memories peculiarly restricted to relations."

They will advance, further, physical features which they hold to be unchallengeable; notably, thenar eminence of both feet; a small white scar on the shoulder-blade, the result of the removal with acid of a mole; a scar at the base of the left middle finger due to crushing in a carriage-door.

This evidence for the plaintiff; with much else. On the other side, in addition to the assertion, accredited by M. Gilliard and others, that the self-styled

Princess is none other than a Polish peasant woman called Frantsiska Shantskovski, is very weighty argument. "The Unknown" has failed from time to time to recognise people she could hardly have forgotten had she been the Grand Duchess; she has made error after error only excused as sequels to the lack of mental stability which has been blamed for so much; she has seldom compelled any authority—with the exception of her chief supporter, the Grand Duke Andrew—to say more than did M. and Mme. Gilliard in the days of their semi-credence: "We are going away without being able to say that she is not the Grand Duchess Anastasia Nikolaevna." Most unaccountable marvel of all—if it can be demonstrated; and if the "survivor of Ekaterinburg" is in legal earnest she can destroy the damning accusation in a sentence or two—"the invalid" cannot, or, as her friends say, will not, speak Russian! "She was unable to understand and speak a single word of Russian and English," wrote the German police commissioner at whose house she lived for six months; and she refused to talk Russian, for example, with the Grand Duchess Olga Alexandrovna. "Most surprising," said M. Gilliard in the article to which we have referred, "the Grand Duchess Anastasia spoke well only her native Russian and English, spoke French very badly, and spoke German not at all; whereas Mme. Chaikovsky speaks German only." The insinuation in this Mrs. Rathlef-Keilmann seeks to sweep aside with such notes as: "She spoke German, but with a typically Russian accent. When I addressed her in Russian, I noticed that she understood everything I said, for, although she answered in German, her reply was perfectly accurate"; "On each occasion she awoke from the anæsthetic crying and calling plaintively in English for her mother"; and "Professor Rudnev and I had to laugh in spite of ourselves, because it was just too funny that, notwithstanding the assertion that she could not understand Russian, she should have been able to defend herself so well against an accusation made in Russian"; and with such testimony as: "When I [L. N. Urvantsov, the Russian author] was standing with her in the vestibule of the church and talked with her, Mrs. Chaikovski replied to me with several sentences in the purest and most correct Russian."

There are, of course, other attacks made and countered; and there is the remembrance that there have been other "Anastasias" in the field: "In February, 1920, an impostor appeared in Paris, claiming to be Princess Anastasia; the same year another claimant in America also pretended to be Anastasia. Both were quickly detected as fraudulent."

The net result is negative. The question, "Truth, illusion, or calculation?" is unsettled—even the Editor admits: "This book can furnish no legal proof of her claim to be the Tsar's daughter, nor even can it definitely



MRS. CHAIKOVSKI, OR THE GRAND DUCHESS ANASTASIA, SAVED FROM THE TRAGIC FATE WHICH BEFELL HER PARENTS, BROTHER, AND SISTERS AT EKATERINBURG? THE "UNKNOWN WOMAN" IN THE MOMMSEN SANATORIUM; WITH MRS. HARRIET VON RATHLEF-KEILMANN.



FOR PURPOSES OF COMPARISON: THE DAUGHTERS OF THE MURDERED EMPEROR NICHOLAS II.: THE GRAND DUCHESSES OLGA, TATIANA, MARIA, AND ANASTASIA (LEFT TO RIGHT).



FOR PURPOSES OF COMPARISON: THE "UNKNOWN WOMAN" PHOTOGRAPHED IN HOSPITAL—"MRS. CHAIKOVSKI," WHO PROTESTS THAT SHE IS THE GRAND DUCHESS ANASTASIA OF RUSSIA.

In connection with this photograph, it is interesting to remark that Mrs. Peutert, a fellow patient in Germany, first stated that the "unknown woman" was the Grand Duchess Tatiana. Later, confounded by comparison of heights, she avowed she must be the Grand Duchess Anastasia.

Reproductions from "Anastasia: The Survivor of Ekaterinburg?" by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

assert that the rescue of one of the Tsar's daughters actually took place"—but, once the possibility of the saving of a Grand Duchess is admitted, in the light of insistent rumours, the Claimant cannot be laughed out of Court. If she can control her mind better than she could, she may be able to convince the sceptics—or she may justify them. As it is, and as it may be for ever, she is a living conundrum. Meanwhile, it may be profitable to speculate as to the report that she is interesting herself with "the vast fortune said to have been deposited abroad by the Tsar before his death"; for, in the book before

us, the Grand Duke Andrew affirms: "Long before the 'Unknown' appeared, I carefully investigated all the rumours concerning the existence of the millions alleged to have been left by the late Tsar; in every case these rumours proved to be unfounded, as I expected." If; and if; and if!

E. H. G.

* "Anastasia: The Survivor of Ekaterinburg?" By H. von Rathlef-Keilmann. Translated from the German by F. S. Flint. Illustrated. (G. P. Putnam's Sons; 21s. net.)

VOYAGING FROM EARTH TO MOON: POSSIBILITIES OF THE ROCKET.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, from information supplied by M. Robert Esnault-Pelterie in a special interview. (Copyrighted.)

known powerful enough to fire a shell to the moon in excess of the earth's attractive force. Moreover, the men within the shell would have to withstand a crushing pressure 1,000 times their own weight when the shell was fired.



The necessity of producing a speed of liberation sufficient to overcome attraction.



To be successful it is calculated that the rocket must have a liberation speed on the surface of 6,664 miles per sec. The greatest known speed today is about 3 miles per sec.

Assuming the rocket does not reach the speed of liberation then there will be a free fall back to earth.



Distance between the earth & the moon 227,000 miles.

The vacuum of space.

The thinning of the atmosphere in proportion to the speed of the shell through the air in the atmosphere.

It is calculated that it would require a gun 382 miles in length to fire a projectile at sufficient speed to reach the moon.



Perth
Edinburgh.
Gun 382 miles long.
London.



(1) Rocket in normal flight.

(2) Rocket being reversed by its crew on nearing the surface.

Rocket reversed propelling gas now acting as a brake.

No atmosphere therefore sky is always black.

Surface of the Moon.

To prevent the rocket smashing itself on the moon on landing or on its return on reaching the earth it is suggested that provision would have to be made for turning the rocket in flight so that its propelling gases would be used as a brake.



compression within the air.

(3) This would generate a temperature of 3,604 degrees Fahrenheit & instantly consume the parachute.

On the return journey it will be necessary to brake the flight of the rocket on reaching the upper layer of the earth's atmosphere.

M. Pelterie predicts that within twelve years a manned rocket will be invented to reach a height of 524 miles.

The rocket propels itself by pushing against its own exhaust gases, thus simply explained.



(1) Two blocks with a coil spring in between.

Spring compressed.

Spring released.

(2) When the spring is released each block will propel the other.

Gas.

(3) Substitute a plate pushing against the atmosphere for the right hand block.

It is then seen how the rocket flying through space would use its own exhaust gas as a means to force it forward, there being no head resistance beyond the earth's atmospheric belt.

Type of rocket suggested by German investigators



Successive propellants.

Outer Case.

Fin.

Gas Vent.

To propel one ton.

The propellant required to reach the moon would weigh 23 tons according to latest German investigations.

Former calculations were 159 tons of propellant.

To go to the moon & back the enormous ratio of 519 to 1 would be required.

The discoveries of German investigators have recently considerably reduced the ratio of propellant & propelled.

PROBLEMS TO BE SOLVED BEFORE MAN CAN REACH THE MOON: THE SUBJECT OF A LONDON LECTURE.

Astronautics is a fascinating subject, and dreamers and fiction-writers have for years been imagining the possibilities of inter-planetary communication and a voyage to the moon. M. Robert Esnault-Pelterie, the pioneer aviator and inventor of the "joy-stick" or control-lever used in most aeroplanes to-day, has investigated the scientific possibilities of astronautics. In his recent lecture at the Royal United Service Institution, arranged with the Royal Aero Club, he reduced the whole subject to scientific facts. He at once ruled out the idea of manufacturing a huge gun and firing a shell to the Moon as suggested by Jules Verne. He explained that there was no known propellant capable of hurling a shell in excess of the Earth's attractive force; furthermore, the gun would have to be some 382 miles long, and the human cargo would have to withstand a pressure over twenty-one thousand times their own weight. As an

aeroplane could not fly in space where no atmosphere exists to support it, there remains the rocket, and it is to the rocket that scientific investigators at present pin their faith; but he suggests that probably nothing can be really effected or the problem solved until man has chained the power of the atom to his will. To encourage scientific investigation, the Société Astronomique de France are offering a prize of 5000 francs this year, next year, and in 1930, for the best original scientific work which tends towards the solution of the problem of inter-planetary navigation. Already German investigators have produced a large, highly technical book on the subject, and Herr Opel in Germany is experimenting with rocket-propelled cars and aeroplanes. As a result of these investigations, the force of the propellant required to propel a certain weight in excess of the earth's attraction and gravity has been considerably reduced.

THE FIRST DOUBLE ENTHRONEMENT IN JAPAN.

"The only occasion on which an Emperor and his Consort have been enthroned at the same time."

By ZOË KINCAID. (See Colour Illustrations on the two succeeding pages.)

THE many ceremonies connected with the enthronement of Hirohito, the 124th Emperor of Japan, reveal the startling fact that the gods of old are alive and in being, that a whole people acknowledge their presence, and that, while Japan sits at the councils of the nations and keeps abreast of modern progress, she is still the land of the gods. The ceremonies of the imperial enthronement that

before the temporary god-shrine, while the deities were invited to descend and to hear reports of progress; after which offerings of food were placed before them, and girls danced to propitiate them. Then the peasants, in picturesque order, proceeded to the sacred field, enclosed in a lattice fence of new green bamboo. One company entered the water to plant the rice-shoots, another sang a planting song, while

and these, being placed on a white wooden stand and held aloft, were carried out in picturesque procession. On Nov. 6, early in the morning, the imperial sanctuary (Kashiko-dokoro) was placed in a brocade-covered palanquin, and carried from the imperial palace to Tokyo Station on the shoulders of the Yase-doji, sixteen youths from the village of Yase, in the suburbs of Kyoto, which from time immemorial has furnished the young men for this honourable work. The Emperor, in his red-and-gold state carriage, followed by the Empress in her carriage, moved in a splendid procession from the palace to the central station.

In Kyoto the Kashiko-dokoro is placed reverently in a building specially erected to receive it, and on the morning of the enthronement the Emperor worships before this shrine, announcing the coming day's proceedings to the Sun Goddess. This ceremony is performed in an inner apartment of the building, and while it is in progress a white curtain is hung at the entrance. Two thousand privileged persons are in the courtyard adjoining, but are not witnesses of the sacred proceedings. On the same day, in the afternoon, the enthronement ceremonies are carried out with pomp and splendour. The thrones of the Emperor and Empress are placed within the Shishin-den, or hall of ceremonies, in the Kyoto imperial palace, the throne of her Majesty being smaller and less significant, less ornate. It is the first time in history that the consort of an emperor has ascended the throne at this ceremony.

The roof of the Shishin-den is heavily thatched with brown bark, and under the eaves is hung an embroidered curtain, decorated with the five-coloured clouds and a golden orb in the centre. The scene in the sanded courtyard facing the Shishin-den is an ancient Court pageant—imperial standards and banners line the approach; officials of the Court, garbed in loose robes of red, black, or blue, according to their ranks, stand on either side. Gongs and drums announce that the ceremony is about to begin, the curtains screening the thrones are drawn aside, revealing the Emperor and Empress. State officers and Court ladies are in attendance on their Majesties.

The Premier takes up a position in the courtyard before the throne, and all listen to the reading by the Emperor of a message to the nation; the Premier then, in response, reads an address of congratulation. Once again the Premier descends the eighteen stairs

(Continued on page d.)



THE EMPEROR (IN WHITE) ON HIS WAY TO A MEAL WITH THE GODS AND AN ALL-NIGHT VIGIL: A TRADITIONAL INCIDENT OF THE ENTHRONEMENT CEREMONIES BEGINNING TO-DAY (NOVEMBER 10) AT KYOTO—A JAPANESE COLOURED LITHOGRAPH.

The Emperor is here seen in procession in the Thanksgiving or Harvest ceremonies, when he is alone with the gods and partakes of the new rice with them, an all-night vigil which ends at dawn. Two primitive buildings are erected, rustic structures, types of ancient imperial residences. Having gone through the rite of purification, the Emperor, in a pure white robe, is now proceeding to his meal with the gods. Over his head is carried a grass umbrella ornamented with a many-coloured phoenix (illustrated on page 868). High officials carry torches to light the way. The two illustrations on this page, and those in colour on the two succeeding pages, are reproduced from Japanese coloured lithographs, by courteous permission of Dr. Sekine, of the Imperial Household Department, Tokyo.

begins to-day (Nov. 10) bring vividly to mind this relationship between men and gods. The accession of the Emperor took place immediately after the death of his father on Dec. 25, 1926. Preparations for the ceremonies of enthronement could not begin until a year of mourning had elapsed. The announcement of the dates of the Great Ceremonies was made on Jan. 17 last.

The dates selected for the various rites and ceremonies are first communicated to the gods before the imperial sanctuary of the palace in Tokyo. There are three god-shrines in the gardens of the palace—the Korci-den, where the spirits of past emperors are enshrined; the Shin-den, where the eight gods of heaven and earth are worshipped; and—most important of all—the Ummei-den, or Mirror Hall, sacred to the Sun Goddess, Amaterasu Omikami, progenitrix of the race. Here is preserved the more-than-ancient mirror, universally regarded as containing the very spirit of the goddess, and her own gift to the people of Japan.

On the same day messengers are dispatched to the tomb of the first emperor, Jimmu, and to the mausolea of the four rulers immediately preceding the present sovereign, to whom reports are formally made. The next step in the elaborate preparations is to select by divination the direction of the two rice-fields where the grain must be grown for the Daijo-sai, the Great New Food festival, which follows the Sokui-rei, or Enthronement ceremony. This was accomplished according to ancient practice by holding a tortoiseshell over fire, the cracks showing the districts to be chosen. These fields for centuries past have been called the sai-den, one distinguished by the name yuki and the other suki—purified and sanctified rice-fields.

The result of the divination was made known to the Premier, who reported to the Emperor, that the yuki field had been selected, the site being the village of Mikami, on Lake Biwa, near Kyoto, while the suki field, according to the gods' will, was in the district of Wakeyama, in the island of Kyushu. Immediately, there was immense activity in the thrice-fortunate districts chosen, now inhabited by the proudest of the peasantry of Japan.

On June 1 the young rice was planted in the brimming fields; a hundred peasants, men and women, dressed in bright garments, were drawn up

others danced to the rhythm of the song and the beating of a big drum.

By mid-September the rice was ripe, and again the gods were informed. The reapers entered the field and cut four sheaves, the first-fruits of the field,



PAGEANTRY OF THE JAPANESE IMPERIAL ENTHRONEMENT: THE SCENE BEFORE THE SHISHIN-DEN, OR HALL OF ENTHRONEMENT, OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE, KYOTO.

This picture (a coloured lithograph) shows civil and military officials in their ancient costumes, the many-coloured standards and banners, and performers on the gongs at given signals. Within are the thrones of the Emperor and Empress, with courtiers by one throne and ladies-in-waiting by the other. Across the length of the buildings is an embroidered five-coloured cloud curtain with the sun in the middle, emblem of the Sun Goddess, the imperial ancestress.

Japanese Enthronement Banners: The Sacred Kite, Fish, and Crow.



ACCESSORIES FOR TO-DAY'S ENTHRONEMENT OF THE EMPEROR HIROHITO AT KYOTO: SYMBOLIC BANNERS, AND COSTUMES OF COURT OFFICIALS (TO BE WORN WITHOUT THE SWORDS ON THE PRESENT OCCASION).

The enthronement of the Emperor Hirohito of Japan has been arranged to take place to-day (November 10) at Kyoto, which was the capital for ten centuries. Traditional costumes are worn, and the chamber is hung with resplendent banners and silk brocades. It is reported that the swords carried by the two figures in the above lithograph are to be discarded on the present occasion. The three larger banners are associated with legends of Japan's first ruler, the Emperor Jimmu. On the left is the Golden Kite banner. In a battle (the story goes)

he was in difficulties, when a golden kite appeared and led him in the right direction. The Banzai banner in the centre bears five fish and a jar of saké. Before a battle the Emperor prayed for victory, and placed a jar of saké into a river, declaring that, if all the fish floated on the surface, it would be a sign that he would win. The sign was given and the victory won. The Crow banner on the right commemorates a tale that the Emperor lost his way during a campaign, and a crow guided him to safety.

The Japanese Enthronement: Ancient Dances; the Emperor's Hat.

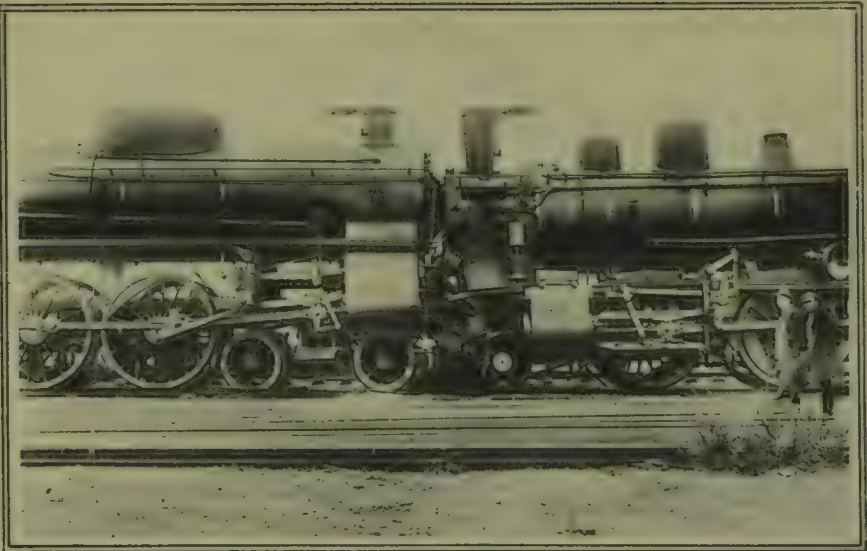


COSTUMES AND EMBLEMS FOR THE EMPEROR'S ENTHRONEMENT: THE IMPERIAL HAT, UMBRELLA, AND PHOENIX, AND DANCES OF TRIUMPH AND CONGRATULATION, INCLUDING ONE PERFORMED BY YOUNG PEERESSES.

This coloured lithograph from Japan illustrates traditional costumes and emblems to be used during the enthronement ceremonies beginning to-day (November 10) at Kyoto, as noted on page 867. At the top, on the right, is the great phoenix surmounting the grass umbrella carried over the Emperor in the twilight procession when he keeps an all-night vigil alone with his ancestors. On the left below is the Emperor's hat, resting on an old willow box, and on the right opposite the hat is seen folded and tied. The human figures (from left to right, beginning at

the top) show : (1) Manzairaku, a dance of congratulation, introduced from China to Japan a thousand years ago ; (2) A Shinto dance called Mikagura, performed, before the gods, only at high Shinto festivals ; (3) Taiheiraku, a warrior dance of triumph, brought from China centuries ago ; (4) Kumemai, an old Japanese warrior dance of victory ; (5) Gosechimai, performed by young peeresses in many-hued costumes, carrying a wooden folding fan painted with a gay design. This dance has been long in vogue at the Imperial Court on great occasions.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER:
NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE TERRIBLE ACCIDENT TO THE SIMPLON-ORIENT EXPRESS, A DISASTER IN WHICH OVER THIRTY LIVES WERE LOST: THE ENGINES IN COLLISION AT RECEA, RUMANIA. While on a westward journey from Bucharest on October 26, the famous Simplon-Orient express was run into at Recea while awaiting a Bucharest fast train. By some means, the latter was diverted to the occupied line, with the result that a Paris "sleeper" and the brake van of the express and a third-class coach and the brake van of the fast train were wrecked. Both engines were badly damaged. Fire followed the collision, and threatened the carriages. The early report [Continued on right.



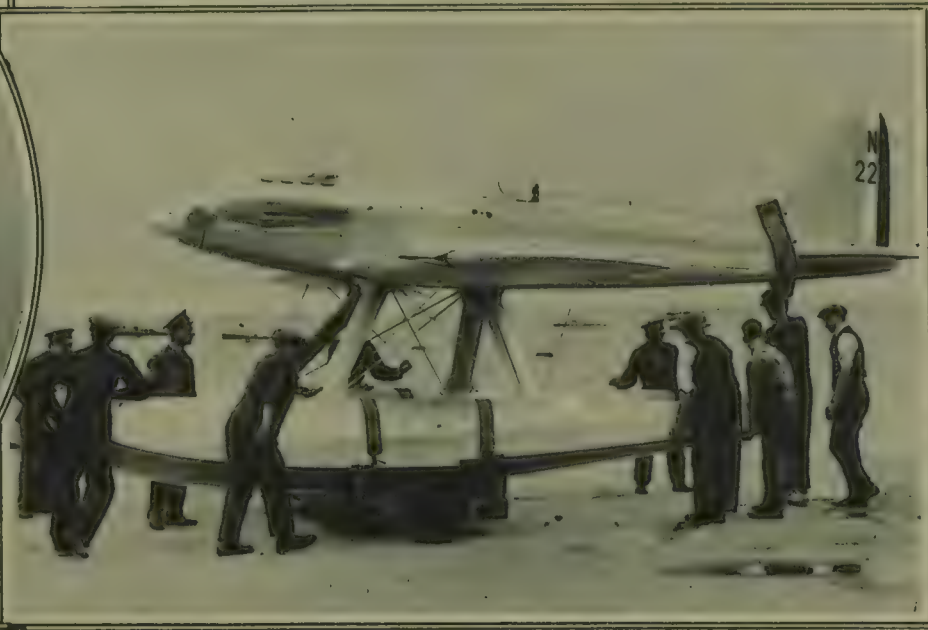
THE SIMPLON-ORIENT EXPRESS DISASTER: THE PARIS "SLEEPER," (IN WHICH MANY PERISHED) AND ANOTHER COACH AFTER THE CRASH, WHICH TOOK PLACE AT ABOUT 2.30 A.M.

gave twenty-seven persons as killed and some forty-five as injured. Later news stated that several of the wounded had succumbed to their hurts, and that the casualties amounted to thirty-four dead and fifty injured. An American business man was saved from the debris of the Pullman after having been buried for six hours.



FLIGHT AT 319.57 MILES AN HOUR: FLIGHT-LIEUT. D'ARCY GREIG TESTING THE MACHINE IN WHICH HE ATTAINED THE HIGHEST SPEED EVER MADE BY A FLYING-MAN UNDER OFFICIAL OBSERVATION.

Flying the Supermarine Napier seaplane at Calshot on November 4, Flight-Lieut. D'Arcy Greig attained the amazing speed of 319.57 miles an hour during an officially observed flight over the standard three-kilometre course for air speed records. "This," the "Times" points out, "is the highest speed at which man has ever flown under official observation, but it is not enough



THE AMAZING FLIGHT OF FLIGHT-LIEUT. D'ARCY GREIG: THE SUPERMARINE NAPIER SEAPLANE IN WHICH THE SPEED OF 319.57 MILES AN HOUR WAS ATTAINED—BUT THE ITALIAN RECORD NOT BEATEN.

to give the five-mile margin required to establish a new record. The task set Flight-Lieut. Greig was to achieve, on an average of four runs over the course, a speed of about 324 miles an hour, in order to beat officially the record made by Major Bernhardt for Italy earlier this year of 318.62 miles an hour."



THE FIRST PUBLIC PRESENTATION OF BROADCAST PICTURES: TRANSMITTING A PORTRAIT OF THE KING (SEEN ON THE CYLINDER) FROM THE B.B.C. STUDIO, WHENCE THE SIGNAL IMPULSES WERE SENT TO DAVENTRY BY LAND-LINE TO BE EMITTED ON THE 5XX WAVE-LENGTH.

October 30 is likely to be a red-letter day in the calendar of the wireless enthusiasts, for on it the first broadcast pictures to be presented publicly in this country were transmitted by the B.B.C. The Fultograph was used; and our readers will recall that we illustrated the working



THE RECEPTION OF THE BROADCAST PICTURES: PROFESSOR FULTON WATCHING ONE OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS APPEAR ON THE SENSITISED PAPER ON THE CYLINDER OF THE FULTOGRAPH INSTALLED AT THE SAVOY HOTEL FOR THE PURPOSES OF THE DEMONSTRATION ON OCTOBER 30.

of this in our issue of September 22 last. The transmitter was at Savoy Hill, and there was a receiver in the Savoy Hotel. The signal impulses were conveyed to Daventry by land-line, and thence emitted on the 5XX wave-length. Each picture took four minutes to complete.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

**MR. VINTILA
BRATIANU.**

Rumanian Prime Minister and Minister for Finance, whose Cabinet resigned on November 3 as sequel to a disagreement with the Council of Regency. Took office, June, 1927.



**MR. J. H.
FLATHER.**

(Born, August 11, 1853; died, November 3.) Secretary for Examinations to the Local Examinations and Lectures Syndicate of the University of Cambridge from 1910 to 1921.



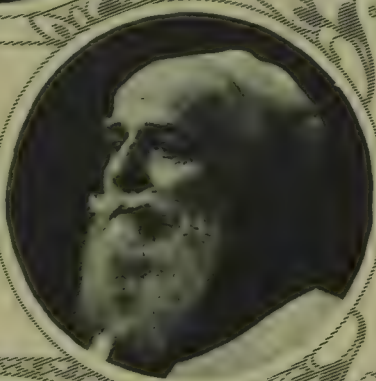
DR. MANIU.
Leader of the Rumanian National Peasant Party. With General Averescu, Leader of the People's Party, approached as to the possibility of a National Coalition Government.



**THE STOWAWAY OF THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN":
CLARENCE TERHUNE "CHAIRIED" ON ARRIVAL IN
GERMANY.**

Clarence Terhune, a seventeen-year-old office boy, stowed himself away on the "Graf Zeppelin" and made the return journey from America. He was the sixty-fourth person aboard.

**M. ALBERT
BARTHOLOME.**
(Born, 1848; died, October 31.) Distinguished French sculptor. Best known by his "Monument to the Dead," in the Père-Lachaise Cemetery, which he completed in 1899.



**M. R. ESNAULT-
PELTERIE.**

Lectured at the Royal United Service Institution the other day on the possibilities of inter-planetary communication, etc., by rockets. See the drawings on page 865.



**THE REV. DR.
W. HOBHOUSE.**
(Born April 5, 1862; died October 30.) Formerly Editor of the "Guardian." Later, Archdeacon of Aston and Gloucester. Did much to organise the Birmingham diocese.



MR. W. L. COURTNEY.
(Born, January 5, 1850; died, November 1.) Editor of the "Fortnightly Review" since 1894. Formerly on the "Daily Telegraph." Famous as literary and dramatic critic.

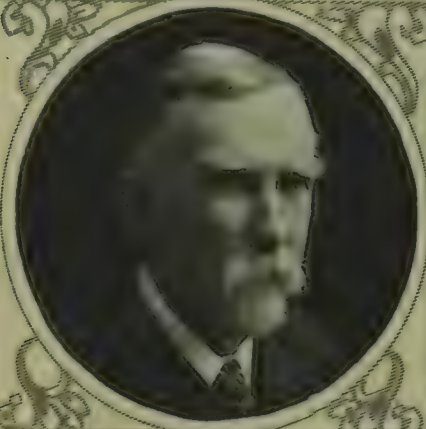


**THE MOST REV. AND RT. HON. RANDALL THOMAS DAVIDSON,
UPON WHOM A BARONY HAS BEEN CONFERRED.**

It was announced on November 3: "The King has been pleased to approve that the dignity of a Barony of the United Kingdom be conferred upon the Most Reverend and Right Honourable Randall Thomas Davidson, G.C.V.O., D.D., Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of All England and Metropolitan, on the occasion of his resignation."



MR. A. B. HOUGHTON.
The United States Ambassador to this country, who has resigned. Appointed to London in 1925. Recently nominated to be Republican Senator in New York State.



SIR A. B. W. KENNEDY.
(Born, March 17, 1847; died, November 1.) Famous engineer. At the age of seventy-five, explored Petra; and, later, published his "Petra: Its History and Monuments."



FLIGHT-LIEUT. D'ARCY GREIG.
On November 4, flew at a speed of 319.57 miles an hour in the Supermarine Napier seaplane—the highest speed at which man has flown under observation.



SIR HUGH ANDERSON.
(Born, July 6, 1865; died, November 2.) Master of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. M.D. Elected F.R.S. in 1907 for researches in physiology of nervous system.



THE FIRST BARON CARNOCK.
(Born, Sept. 19, 1849; died, Nov. 5.) Permanent Under-Sec., Foreign Affairs, 1910-16. Much Diplomatic experience. Formerly Ambassador at Madrid, to Russia, etc.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN AMERICA: THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES: MR. HERBERT HOOVER, THE REPUBLICAN; FORMERLY SECRETARY FOR COMMERCE.

Mr. Herbert Hoover, the Republican Party's candidate, has been elected President of the United States, and will take office, for four years, from March 4, 1929. He was born on August 10, 1874, at West Branch, Iowa. His father was a blacksmith; his mother, a Quaker preacher. He was orphaned at an early age, and was cared for by an old friend of the family. He began his life of activity in 1888, at Portland, Oregon, where, in time, he became a clerk in a real estate office. Later he worked his way through Stanford University, at Palo Alto, where he graduated. Then he went gold-mining in California. In later years he was with the mining firm of Louis Janin; in Australia as a mining engineer employed by a British Syndicate; and in China as an expert

in mining for the Chinese Government, a phase during which he was amongst the defenders of Tientsin during the Boxer troubles. In 1903 he became a partner with mining engineers in London. His next association with this country was in 1914, when he was in London and, at the outbreak of war, was chosen to take charge of the relief work in Belgium. In 1917 he went back to the United States in order to take over the post of Food Administrator, and two years afterwards he was appointed Director-General of Relief Work by Allied Powers and head of the American Relief Administration. He became Secretary of Commerce in President Harding's Cabinet in 1921. He married Miss Lou Henry, of Monterey, California, in 1899. He is "dry."

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF ARMISTICE DAY: "THE GHOSTS OF MENIN GATE"—AN ARTIST'S TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD.

FROM THE PAINTING BY CAPTAIN WILL LONGSTAFF, FORMERLY OFFICIAL WAR ARTIST WITH THE AUSTRALIANS IN FRANCE.



"AS I PASSED FIELDS OF WAVING CORN I SEEMED TO SEE THE GHOSTS OF THE MEN WHO DIED ALL AROUND ME": THE IMAGINATIVE VISION OF AN AUSTRALIAN WAR ARTIST—
A PAINTING PRESENTED TO THE FEDERAL PARLIAMENT BUILDING AT CANBERRA.

Nothing could be more appropriate to the spirit of Armistice Day, whose tenth anniversary is about to be observed, than this fine imaginative picture, showing the British dead rising from their graves at Ypres by moonlight beside the Menin Gate. It is the work of Captain Will Longstaff, who, after serving with the Australian Rough Riders in Egypt, was attached to the 2nd Australian Division in France as one of the official war artists. Some of his sketches were afterwards worked up into large paintings for the Australian Government. "The Ghosts of Menin Gate" was purchased by Lord Woolavington, who has presented it to the Federal Parliament Building at Canberra. Captain Longstaff has given a deeply interesting account of the experience which inspired him to plan this work, at Ypres in July of last year, after the unveiling of the Menin Gate Memorial. "Late at night," he wrote, "after the ceremony, I walked alone along the Menin road. The place was deserted, and as I passed fields of waving corn I seemed to see the ghosts of the men who died all around me." Captain Longstaff, it may be recalled, also served, as a trooper, in the South African War. He is a native of Ballarat, attended Ballarat College and the art classes at the School of Mines there, and began life as a "jackaroo" (stock-rider) on a sheep farm. Since 1920 he has been painting in London. His vision of the Ypres battlefield is a reminder that the Imperial War Graves Commission has now almost completed its great task of commemorating the million British dead

in various parts of the world: There are 2000 British war cemeteries in France and 500 in Belgium, besides those in Gallipoli, Macedonia, Egypt, Palestine, and Mesopotamia. According to statistics given in "Whitaker's Almanack," the total number of the British Empire's dead was 946,023, and that of the wounded, 2,121,906. The totals of dead and wounded for other belligerent nations are as follows: (on the Allied side) France, 1,393,388 (dead) and 1,490,000 (wounded); Belgium, 38,172 and 44,686; Italy, 460,000 and 947,000; Portugal, 7222 and 13,751; Rumania, 335,706 (dead) and 1,490,000 (wounded); Serbia, 127,535 and 133,148; United States, 115,640 and 205,690. (On the enemy side) Germany, 2,050,466 and 4,202,028; Austria and Hungary, 1,200,000 and 3,620,000; Bulgaria, 101,224 and 152,400; Turkey, 300,000 and 570,000. These figures, which, it will be noted, do not include the casualties of Russia or Japan, give the totals of 3,423,706 dead and 4,956,181 wounded on the side of the Allies, and on the enemy side, 3,651,690 dead and 8,544,428 wounded. Adding both sides together, we get the enormous totals of 7,075,396 dead and 13,500,609 wounded. It has been estimated that, if the total British Empire war losses of 946,023 officers and men could rise again and march past the Cenotaph in column of four, at the rate of 10,500 men per hour, the continuous procession would last approximately 4 days and 3½ nights.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: THE MOST INTERESTING



AN ECHO OF THE "ROYAL OAK" COURTS-MARTIAL: CAPTAIN K. G. B. DEWAR, C.B.E. (ASCENDING COMPANION LADDER), GOING ABOARD HIS NEW COMMAND, H.M.S. "TIGER." Captain Dewar, it will be recalled, was one of the two officers (the other being Commander H. M. David) who were dismissed their ship and severely reprimanded by the Courts-Martial at Gibraltar, last April, after the incidents in the battleship "Royal Oak." The old battle-cruiser "Tiger," which Captain Dewar was recently appointed to command, is now the seagoing training ship for gunnery.



HOW GANDHI'S BIRTHDAY WAS CELEBRATED IN SOUTHERN INDIA: HIS PORTRAIT IN A FLORAL FRAME ON A PALANQUIN CARRIED IN PROCESSION. This photograph, which reaches us from Madras, states that the birthday of Mahatma Gandhi, the well-known Indian nationalist leader, was celebrated during Mail Week. A large portrait of him, in a frame decorated with flowers and fruit, was carried in procession on a palanquin. A number of Indian devotees, it is said, worshipped the portrait as it passed, and offered prayers.



MODERNISED CHINA USES RADIO ON PUBLIC OCCASIONS: LOUD-SPEAKERS (SEEN ON THE PAVILION) TO BROADCAST SPEECHES AT CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S INSTALLATION AS PRESIDENT. On October 10, at Nanking, General Chiang Kai-shek took the oath and assumed office as President of the National Government of China. It should be emphasised, perhaps, that his new office is not that of President of China, but of the National Government, otherwise known as the State Council. After the customary bows to Sun Yat-sen's portrait and the national flag, Chiang Kai-shek read aloud Sun



WHERE MR. AND MRS. HERBERT HOOVER LIVED WHEN THEY WERE IN LONDON: THE RED HOUSE, CAMPDEN HILL, KENSINGTON. Between 1899 and 1914 Mr. Herbert Hoover travelled widely, and was seldom at his home in San Francisco. At the outbreak of the war he was in London, and there he undertook the self-imposed task of organising the repatriation of Americans stranded in Europe. He was Chairman of the American Relief Committee in London in 1914-5, and Chairman of the Commission for Relief in Belgium.



EUROPE'S LOFTIEST VOLCANO, WHICH RECENTLY BURST INTO ACTIVITY: AN ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR. As noted on our front page, Mount Etna, in Sicily, broke into violent eruption on November 3. Later news stated that a fresh stream of lava was issuing from another crater which had suddenly opened near the previous ones, and was invading the valley of Pietrafusa and threatening Nissa and Mascali. Disaster to the latter town was feared unless the lava stream stopped within twenty-four hours.

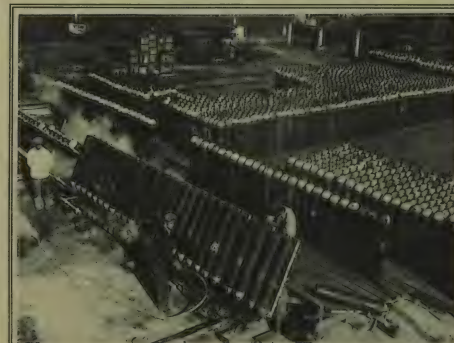
EVENTS FAR AND NEAR RECORDED BY ILLUSTRATION.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF CHINA'S NATIONAL GOVERNMENT: GENERAL CHIANG KAI-SHEK (ON WHITE PONY, SECOND FROM RIGHT) LEADING HIS STAFF AT A PARADE IN NANKING. Yat-sen's political will. A three minutes' silence followed, and the Oath was then administered. Chiang Kai-shek issued an address to the nation urging them, among other things, "to increase scientific knowledge." Typical of these principles was the use of radio. In the King's Speech on November 6, his Majesty said: "I welcome the efforts which China is making to establish a central Government."



SIR JAMES BARRIE'S FIRST THEATRE, WHERE HE CHARGED A MARBLE FOR ADMISSION: A WASH-HOUSE AT KIRRIEMUIR, BESIDE HIS BIRTHPLACE (BACKGROUND), LATELY OFFERED FOR SALE. Sir James Barrie's birthplace at Kirriemuir, with his mother's wash-house, are to be removed to make way for a garage. The wash-house was his first theatre, in which, as a boy, he entertained schoolmates, charging a marble for admission. The Kirriemuir Council was offered the first refusal of the buildings. An American in London was said to have offered to buy the wash-house and remove it.



FUELLING THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" FOR HER RETURN ATLANTIC FLIGHT: GAS STORED IN CYLINDERS BEING VAPORISED AND PIPED TO THE AIRSHIP AT LAKEHURST, NEW JERSEY. The "Graf Zeppelin" landed at Friedrichshafen at 7.15 a.m. on November 1, after her return flight from America, having covered some 4920 miles in just over 71 hours. There was a scene of great enthusiasm on her arrival. Early on November 5 the airship left Friedrichshafen again, and some hours later arrived over Berlin. She landed at Staaken, where, owing to a strong wind, the task of



THE KING AND QUEEN ON THEIR WAY TO THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: THE STATE CARRIAGE IN THE MALL, DRIVING TOWARDS WESTMINSTER IN FOGGY WEATHER. The King, accompanied by the Queen, drove in State from Buckingham Palace to Westminster, on November 6, to open the fifth and final session of the present Parliament. In spite of the cold and foggy weather, the traditional pageantry of the occasion attracted a large crowd along the route, who gave their Majesties a hearty greeting as they passed by in the State carriage.



THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" HOME AGAIN AFTER HER FLIGHTS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC AND BACK: ENTHUSIASTIC SCENES ON HER ARRIVAL AT FRIEDRICHSHAFEN. towing her across the aerodrome and fixing her to the mooring mast took over an hour. More than once the nearest landing team had to let go the ropes, for fear of being lifted into the air. Eventually she was made fast, and the commander, Dr. Eckener, with some of his officers and crew, motored into Berlin, and were received in the Presidential Palace by President von Hindenburg.

HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD: MEMORABLE SCENES AND OCCASIONS.



A SOLDIER'S BATTLEFIELD "TOMBSTONE" FOR BRITAIN'S GREAT WAR LEADER: THE PLAIN WOODEN FLANDERS CROSS OVER EARL HAIG'S GRAVE AT DRYBURGH. The grave of Earl Haig at Dryburgh, which will doubtless be a place of pilgrimage on Armistice Day, has no elaborate tombstone, but is marked in the same simple style as was first chosen for the graves of the men under his command who fell on the battlefield. The plain wooden Flanders cross on his grave bears an aluminium name-plate inscribed, "Douglas Haig, January 29, 1928."



AN ADJUNCT TO THE LA FERTÉ MEMORIAL (SHOWN BELOW) COMMEMORATING A FEAT OF THE R.E.: ONE OF TWO PYLONS MARKING A BRIDGE BUILT UNDER FIRE. Near the monument (shown below) at La Ferté have been placed two stone pylons on opposite banks of the River Marne. They mark the exact spot where a pontoon bridge was built under fire, in 1914, by Royal Engineers of the 4th Division, and on which the British Third Corps crossed the river in an advance that drove the German right wing back to the Ourcq.



AT LA FERTÉ: MARSHAL FOCH (LEFT) AND LIEUT.-GEN. SIR WILLIAM PULTENEY, WHO UNVEILED THE B.E.F. MEMORIAL.



COMMEMORATING THE DEAD OF THE ORIGINAL BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE ("OLD CONTEMPTIBLES"): THE UNVEILING OF THE MEMORIAL AT LA FERTÉ-SOUS-JOUARRE.

At La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, on the banks of the Marne, on November 4, Lieut.-Gen. Sir William Pulteney unveiled a memorial to the dead of the original British Expeditionary Force whose graves are unknown. It also commemorates the fighting in which the Force was engaged from its landing in France until October 14, 1914. Marshal Foch represented the French Government, and Sir George Milne, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, represented the King. La Ferté was chosen for the site as being the place where Franco-British co-operation was most successful early in the war.



DESIGNED AFTER THE TEMPLE OF BUBASTIS AND BEARING THE SOLAR DISC, EMBLEM OF RA, THE SUN GOD: THE NEW CARRERAS CIGARETTE FACTORY. The new factory of Messrs. Carreras, the well-known makers of "Black Cat" and other cigarettes, in Camden Town, was opened on November 3 by the Chairman, Mr. Bernhard Baron. The façade is a conventionalised copy of the Temple of Bubastis, the cat-headed goddess of ancient Egypt. Two colossal cats flank the entrance.



THE MEDAL STRUCK BY THE ROYAL MINT FOR THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF ARMISTICE DAY: THE OBTUSE (BELOW) AND REVERSE.

This medal, which was designed for the Royal Mint by Mr. C. L. Dorman, shows on the obverse side the figure of Great Britain supporting a young warrior with a sheathed sword and the broken shackles of war, offering a wreath of laurel to the memory of the fallen. On the reverse is seen the Cenotaph.



THE SYMBOL OF "BLACK CAT" CIGARETTES AT THE NEW CARRERAS FACTORY: ONE OF THE COLOSSAL BRONZE CATS OF BUBASTIS AT THE MAIN DOOR.

Two great bronze cats, ten feet high, recalling the worship of Bubastis, the cat-headed goddess of ancient Egypt, flank the main entrance of Messrs. Carreras' new cigarette factory in Hampstead Road, as shown in the opposite illustration on the left. Behind them rise twelve tall pillars against the face of the building.

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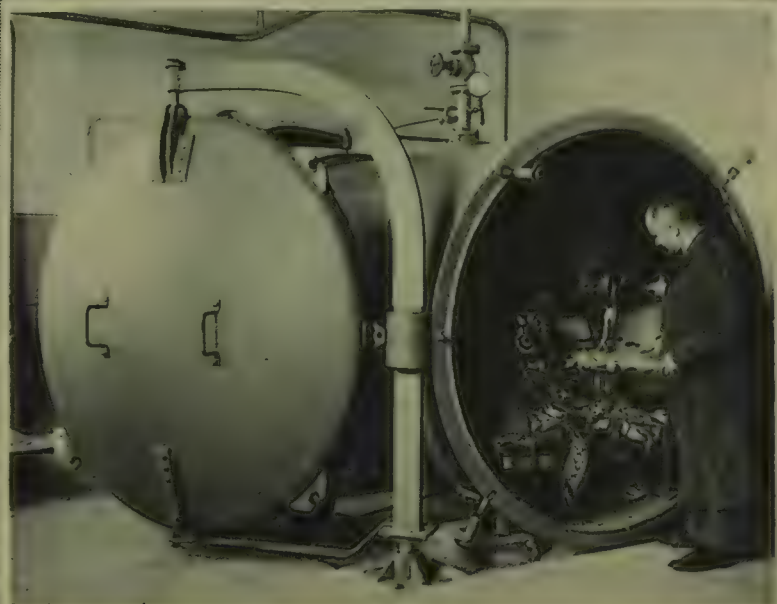
BATH-ROOMS, OVENS, AND BOILERS FOR CLEANING ANTIQUES
AT THE BERLIN MUSEUM LABORATORIES.



CLEANING, DECIPHERING, AND PIECING TOGETHER FRAGMENTS OF ASSYRIAN CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTIONS: AN ARCHÆOLOGIST AT WORK IN THE LABORATORIES OF THE GERMAN STATE MUSEUM IN BERLIN.



FRAGMENTS FROM THE WALLS OF BABYLON BEING "TUBBED": A SCIENTIFIC "BATH-ROOM" WHERE ANTIQUITIES ARE FIRST WASHED TO FREE THEM FROM CORRODING SALTS.



DESTROYING VERMIN IN ANTIQUE TEXTILE MATERIALS AND OTHER OBJECTS: A BOILER INTO WHICH CHEMICAL VAPOURS ARE PUMPED AFTER AIR HAS BEEN PUMPED OUT.



IN THE "BAKERY" OF AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL LABORATORY: STONE FRAGMENTS FROM ASSYRIA OR BABYLONIA BEING DRIED IN A SPECIAL OVEN AFTER THE WASHING PROCESS.

Modern archaeology is allied with many other sciences, notably that of chemistry, in the preservative treatment of antiquities discovered during excavations. All objects to be exhibited in museums are exposed to certain dangers. To reduce to a minimum and obliterate altogether, if possible, the risk of destruction and decay by deposits of salts, rust, moths, or other causes, they are subjected to a series of chemical and mechanical processes and devices. Most salts are soluble in water. Objects are first put into water, which must be regularly changed. They are then dried, first slowly in the air, afterwards in a specially designed oven. When quite dry, the glazed surface is saturated with paraffin. Surplus paraffin that may stick to the surface is removed by revolving brushes. But with Babylonian and other excavations the trouble is that what is discovered has generally fallen to pieces. Highly trained and qualified men are employed on the tedious work of reconstructing such things as the animal-pictures with which the Street of Processions in front of Nebuchadnezzar's Palace was lined. There are many ways of cleansing and preserving rust-eaten ironware and bronze articles covered with what is called "mild" patina. Boilers are used for preserving wooden objects and textile materials. When the articles are inside, the boilers are hermetically closed, air is pumped out, and chemical vapours are pumped in, which kill vermin and their eggs. Textile goods receive further chemical treatment and are then dried in gentle heat.



A TRIUMPH OF RECONSTRUCTION—THE FINISHED RESULT OF LONG AND TEDIOUS WORK: AN ANCIENT ASSYRIAN "DRAGON" ON A SECTION OF WALL CAREFULLY PIECED TOGETHER FROM COUNTLESS FRAGMENTS.

RARE PICTURES FOR DISPERSAL IN AMSTERDAM:

REPRODUCED FROM THE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. BY COURTESY OF THE AUCTIONEERS,



1. "THE HOLY FAMILY." A TRIPTYCH BY HANS DÜRER (NÜRNBERG, 1490—BEFORE 1538). MONOGRAMMED AND DATED 1515. (121 CM. HIGH BY 82 CM. (CENTRE) AND 35 CM. (SIDES) WIDE.)



2. "PORTRAIT OF THE MARQUISE DE ST. ANDREAS." BY FRANCISCO JOSÉ DE GOYA. (138 CM. HIGH; 105 CM. WIDE.)



3. "500 DE OUDE SONGE 500 PIJPE DE JONGEN" (A DUTCH PROVERB). BY JAN STEEN (LEYDEN, ABOUT 1626-1679). SIGNED. (115 CM. HIGH BY 134.5 CM. WIDE.)



4. "THE RIALTO BRIDGE." BY FRANCESCO GUARDI (VENICE, OCTOBER 5, 1712—JANUARY 1, 1793). A VIEW ON THE GRAND CANAL AT VENICE. (47 CM. HIGH BY 77 CM. WIDE.)



5. "PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN": BY ANDREA DEL BRESCIANINO (SIENNE, 1507 TO 1525). (47 CM. HIGH BY 33 CM. WIDE.)



6. "PORTRAIT OF MRS. JORDAN" (THE ACTRESS, 1762-1816). BY JOHN HOPPNER—(LONDON, 1758-1810). (77 CM. HIGH BY 64.5 CM. WIDE.)



7. "ST. MICHAEL": BY LAZZARO BASTIANI, WHO WORKED AT VENICE FROM 1449 TO 1512. (74 CM. HIGH BY 90 CM. WIDE.)



8. "PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN": BY AGOSTINO DA LODI (LOMBARD SCHOOL, FIFTEENTH—SIXTEENTH CENTURY). (53.5 CM. HIGH BY 42 CM. WIDE.)

GEMS FROM THE MARCELL DE NEMES COLLECTION.

MESSRS. FREDERIK MULLER AND CO., DOELENSTRAAT, 16-18, AMSTERDAM.



9. "SALOME BEARING THE HEAD OF JOHN THE BAPTIST." BY A FRENCH MASTER OF ABOUT 1640, PAINTED ON WOOD. (56 CM. HIGH BY 54 CM. WIDE.)



10. "A HUMANIST WITH FOUR ANGELS." BY MELOZZO DA FORLÌ, 1438-1494. (59 CM. HIGH BY 92 CM. WIDE.)



11. "THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS." BY LUCAS CRANACH THE ELDER (KRONACH, 1472; WEIMAR, 1533). (104 CM. HIGH BY 72 CM. WIDE.)



12. "THREE SAINTS AND CHRIST ON THE CROSS." BY ADRIAAN ISENBRANDT—(BRUGES, 1510-1551). (124 CM. HIGH BY 78 CM. WIDE.)

Following the recent Six sale at Amsterdam (illustrated in our issue of October 27), Messrs. Frederik Muller and Co. will, on November 13 and 14, dispose of the collection formed by M. Marcell de Nemes, of Budapest, including many works of great importance and rarity. The following notes on those here reproduced (numbered as above) are taken from the beautifully illustrated catalogue. (1) In the centre panel, seated on the right, is St. Anne. The left-hand figure standing upright in the right background is presumed to be a portrait of the artist. The right-hand panel shows Alphaeus; the left-hand panel Zebedee; each with their wife and children. This triptych is the *chef d'œuvre* of Hans Dürer, who was a brother of Albrecht Dürer and worked at the Court of the Emperor Maximilian. (2) Goya's portrait here reproduced was formerly in the collection of Don Rafael Garcia and the Duke of Alba. (3) According to the Dutch proverb (forming the title), the joy of the old gives the tone to the joy of the young. The scene is a child's birthday party

in Jan Steen's family. (4) Guardi has repeated this subject several times in his works. One example is in the Wallace Collection. (5) This is one of Brescianino's most charming works. It recalls the portrait of a young man in the Johnson Collection at Philadelphia. (6) Hoppner's portrait of Mrs. Jordan was formerly in Sir Henry Irving's collection in the Green Room of the Lyceum Theatre. (7) This picture is described as Lazzaro Bastiani's masterpiece. (8) This work has also been attributed to several other masters including Bramantino and Bartolomeo Veneto. (9) Herodias is seen stretching out her hands towards the head. (10) The sitter may perhaps be identified with Giovanni Gioviano Pontano. (11) Paris is the seated figure. Standing behind is Mercury carrying the apple (represented by a crystal globe). (12) The three saints in the foreground are, from left to right, St. Michael, St. Andrew, and St. Francis of Assisi. To the left of the Cross stands the Virgin Mary, and on the right St. John, while the Magdalen, in the centre, kneels to kiss the Saviour's feet.

TO COMPARE WITH OUR DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING OF

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM OFFICIAL INFORMATION. A COMPANION



A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING TO SHOW THE USE AND REQUIREMENTS OF OUR NAVY:

For the first time since the Great War we are presenting a comprehensive view of the British Navy as constituted to-day. In this view the ships are seen in their various squadrons and flotillas, and it shows how the British Navy is on duty all over the world. Many ships not in active commission have been deleted, but generally the drawing gives a good representation of the Fleets as at present constituted, and forms an interesting comparison with the Navy of the United States illustrated in similar form in our last issue. In the left centre foreground may be seen the new battle-ships "Nelson" and "Rodney," each of 35,000 tons "Standard" displacement, and armed with nine 16-inch guns, the finest and most powerful fighting ships afloat. Serving in the same fleet is the great battle-cruiser "Hood," another post-war production. In the Australian Fleet and serving on the China station are the newest 10,000-ton cruisers armed with eight 8-inch guns, and known as the "Kent" class. There are many new classes of ships not known to the pre-war Navy. Most noteworthy are the aircraft-carriers, of which the most modern are in the Mediterranean Fleet, while others are in home waters, and the "Hermes" in

THE U.S. NAVY IN LAST WEEK'S ISSUE: THE BRITISH FLEET.

DRAWING TO THAT OF THE AMERICAN NAVY PUBLISHED IN OUR LAST ISSUE. (COPYRIGHTED.)



A CONSPECTUS, INDICATING HOW BRITISH SHIPS ARE ON DUTY ALL OVER THE WORLD.

China. Another interesting feature is the number of drifters and trawlers. The sloop and the mine-sweeper are also important. Another noteworthy addition is the big destroyer or flotilla leader—a type of which a detailed four-page drawing appeared in our issue of October 27. With the vast sea routes the Navy has to police, the numerous cruisers of the "C" and "D" classes—armed with 6-inch guns—may be found all over the world. They are a class of which we require a large number, and of which other nations, including the United States, have practically no need. This question constituted the bone of contention between ourselves and the United States at the last conference on the Limitation of Naval Armaments. Except the "Nelson," "Rodney," and "Hood," all battle-ships and battle-cruisers may be called old ships. The "Iron Duke," "Queen Elizabeth," and "Royal Sovereign" classes are all pre-war or early war productions, and practically all the big units bear scars from the Battle of Jutland fought twelve years ago. Owing to the continuous movement of ships (almost daily) some depicted above may have been moved since the completion of the drawing, but in essentials it is accurate.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS: FRENCH EMPIRE FURNITURE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

SO much ink has been spilt of recent years by various gentlemen of irreproachable taste in proving to their own satisfaction that furniture produced in France after the Revolution, and especially between 1800 and the fall of Napoleon in 1815, is unworthy of the attention of the serious collector, that it is time someone made a modest attempt to show that the pundits are not entirely correct. The basis of their dislike of these later pieces seems to be the fact that, while furniture of the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. was graceful, Empire furniture was merely grand; that while the former was flowing and harmonious, the latter was severe and angular; in other words, that an egg is by the nature of things more beautiful than a cube. They go even further: they say that, as society under the Napoleonic régime was *parvenu*, the furniture the age admired was vulgar. Arguing from these premises, we are led to understand that a cube is vulgar, whereas an egg is not. Which to my mind—and possibly to the readers of this page—is absurd.

Whatever the reason for the general lack of interest in the furniture of this period, the fact remains that it rarely appears in the sale-



FIG. 3. "EVERY SORT OF DECORATION IS ADMIRABLE, PROVIDED IT IS GREEK, ROMAN, OR EGYPTIAN": A SPHINX-HEAD CHAIR OF THE FRENCH EMPIRE PERIOD, WITH A DELICATE PALE-BLUE COVERING.

room, and, as far as this country is concerned, is disregarded by all except a few choice spirits who prefer to follow their own individual taste rather than the fashion of the moment. Among them is Mr. Gerald Kelly, the well-known portrait-painter, who has been kind enough to allow me to reproduce here one or two pieces from his home.

Now, whereas a chair of 1750 is all curves and femininity, that of 1800 is of an uncompromising, square-cut severity. It is also modelled upon a supposed classical antiquity. It is just this passionate interest in Greek and Roman life, so characteristic of the furniture-makers and decorators under Napoleon, which, I suspect, is partly the cause of the modern patriotic French writer's dislike. He looks upon the work of the earlier part of the eighteenth century as something purely French. Once this attitude is adopted, every modification brought in from the past is immediately labelled as decadent. (Some critics in this country are no less intolerant; for example, quite a number of people can see no good in anything painted since Turner and Constable.) Add to this belief in the purely national inspiration of early French furniture the no less obstinate belief that nothing good in art can ever come out of a political upheaval, and one has little difficulty in explaining why the particular period under discussion is looked down upon.

Egypt. It is more than that. It is the reaction from the over-luxurious age that preceded it. It is simple, masculine, depending for its effect upon right angles and plain surfaces with a minimum of decoration—in fact, it is made according to the principles upon which the best of our modern furniture-makers are trying to found a twentieth-century tradition.

This enthusiasm for Greek and Græco-Roman

associated with the names of Riesener and Roentgen. Readers of *The Illustrated London News* have lately had an opportunity of seeing photographs of admirable Louis XVI. pieces by these two famous makers in a recent notice of the Soviet Government sale at Messrs. Lepke's auction-rooms in Berlin. In England there are superb pieces in the Wallace Collection. The tendency towards a greater simplification continued right through the reign of Louis XVI., and it is interesting in this connection to remember that:

the painter David, who was the dominant influence on French art during and after the Revolution, had already achieved his dry classical mannerisms long before that terrific explosion occurred. For example, the Salon of 1785 was full of paintings with titles like the following: "The Devotion of Alceste," "The Return of Priam with the Body of Hector," "Mutius Scævola Burning his Hand," and other illustrations of incidents from Homer and Livy. In short, while Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were drifting aimlessly towards the final catastrophe, artists of every description, whether painters or furniture-designers, were consumed with the mania of producing everything "à la grecque"—that is, doing exactly what is now made the chief reproach against their successors of a few years later; whereas the Empire style grew up quite naturally in the time of Louis XVI., just as what we call Louis XVI. had its origins under Louis XV.

The Revolution merely hastened the development—it

by no means initiated it.

The whole epoch from 1789 to 1815 was one of continuous struggle against a world of enemies. It is easy to understand that the designers of the period aimed at something severe, heroic, rather than the intimate grace and comfort of the old order. So one finds a more and more simple and rigid line, with fewer and fewer curves. A

fine Empire piece will be dry and symmetrical, but it will be of great dignity. The bronze decoration will be sparse, but fine—look again at Mr. Kelly's bureau (Fig. 5): columns "à la grecque" are almost a *sine qua non*. The lower part in this example is decorated with a sphinx above and two winged lions below. The wood used is mainly mahogany, certainly for the finest pieces. Less important objects—chairs and stools, for example—will sometimes be merely painted birch. Very typical is the chair with the lions' heads and paws (Fig. 1): the purist finds this amalgam of *motif* unpleasant—I'm afraid I find it amusing and not without dignity. Every sort of decoration is admissible provided it is Greek or Roman or Egyptian (Fig. 3).

Except on chairs, one sees very little carving, never any marquetry, but, as has already been emphasised, bronze plaques, arranged carefully so as to show up the beauty of large expanses of wood. As was natural, the blue and white cameos of Wedgwood—all of course modelled on the antique—delighted the French makers of the period. Jacob Desmalter first saw them when he was summoned to England to renovate Windsor Castle, and immediately ordered a great number, which he used to decorate his more delicately made pieces. It will be readily understood that not many of these fragile plaques survive.



FIG. 1. VERY TYPICAL OF THE SEVERE EMPIRE STYLE, WITH DECORATION APPROPRIATE TO A WORLD OF STRUGGLE AS THEN PREVALENT: A BLACK-AND-GOLD LION-HEAD CHAIR.



FIG. 2. SHOWING THE COARSENING OF TASTE AT A MUCH LATER PERIOD (ABOUT 1840) UNDER LOUIS PHILIPPE: A LION-HEAD CHAIR (FOR CONTRAST TO THE EMPIRE ONE ADJOINING).

civilisation began with the discovery of the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum; the decorative arts were immediately and profoundly influenced. As early as 1754 architects, decorators, and furniture-makers had begun to tire of the sometimes fussy curves which are the mark of the Louis XV. style, and to modify this style by adopting classical ornament derived from Greek vases and other survivals of the past. The result was the rather more severe but none the less sumptuous type of furniture



FIG. 5. AKIN TO TWENTIETH-CENTURY PRINCIPLES OF SIMPLICITY: A FRENCH EMPIRE MAHOGANY BUREAU, NOTABLE FOR FINE LINES, BEAUTIFUL WOOD, AND SEVERE CLASSICAL ORNAMENT OF GREAT BEAUTY.



FIG. 4. CARVED WITH VULTURE HEADS, AND AN OVAL WREATH AT THE BACK: A FRENCH EMPIRE CHAIR WITH A STYLE OF DECORATION IN KEEPING WITH THE COMBATIVE SPIRIT OF THE TIME.

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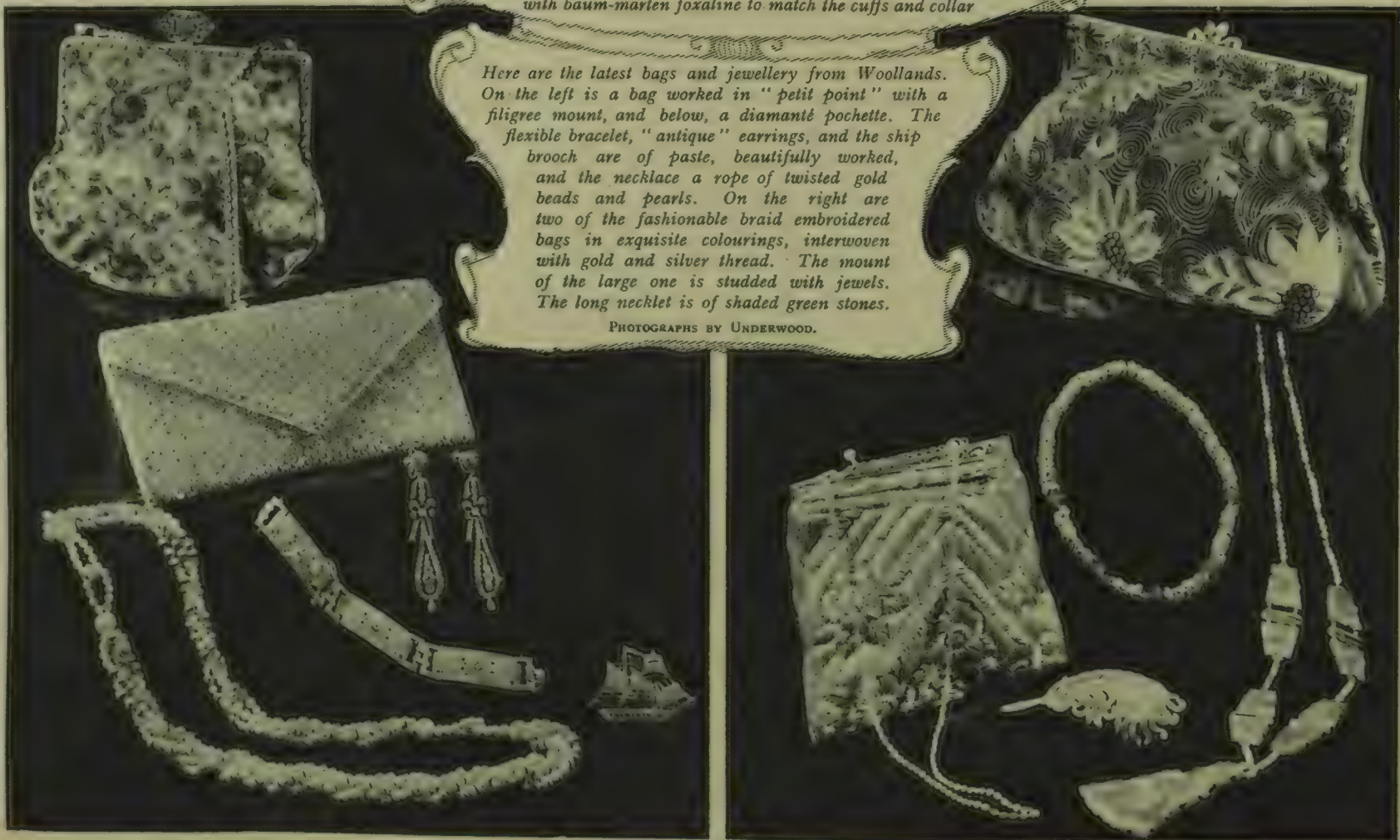
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Here are the latest bags and jewellery from Woollands. On the left is a bag worked in "petit point" with a filigree mount, and below, a diamanté pochette. The flexible bracelet, "antique" earrings, and the ship brooch are of paste, beautifully worked, and the necklace a rope of twisted gold beads and pearls. On the right are two of the fashionable braid embroidered bags in exquisite colourings, interwoven with gold and silver thread. The mount of the large one is studded with jewels. The long necklet is of shaded green stones.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY UNDERWOOD.

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ARTIFICIAL Silk and Wool Marocain of finest texture and lovely finish. Very soft and graceful. Excellent for Gowns, Frocks, Lingerie, Children's wear. Many beautiful colours.

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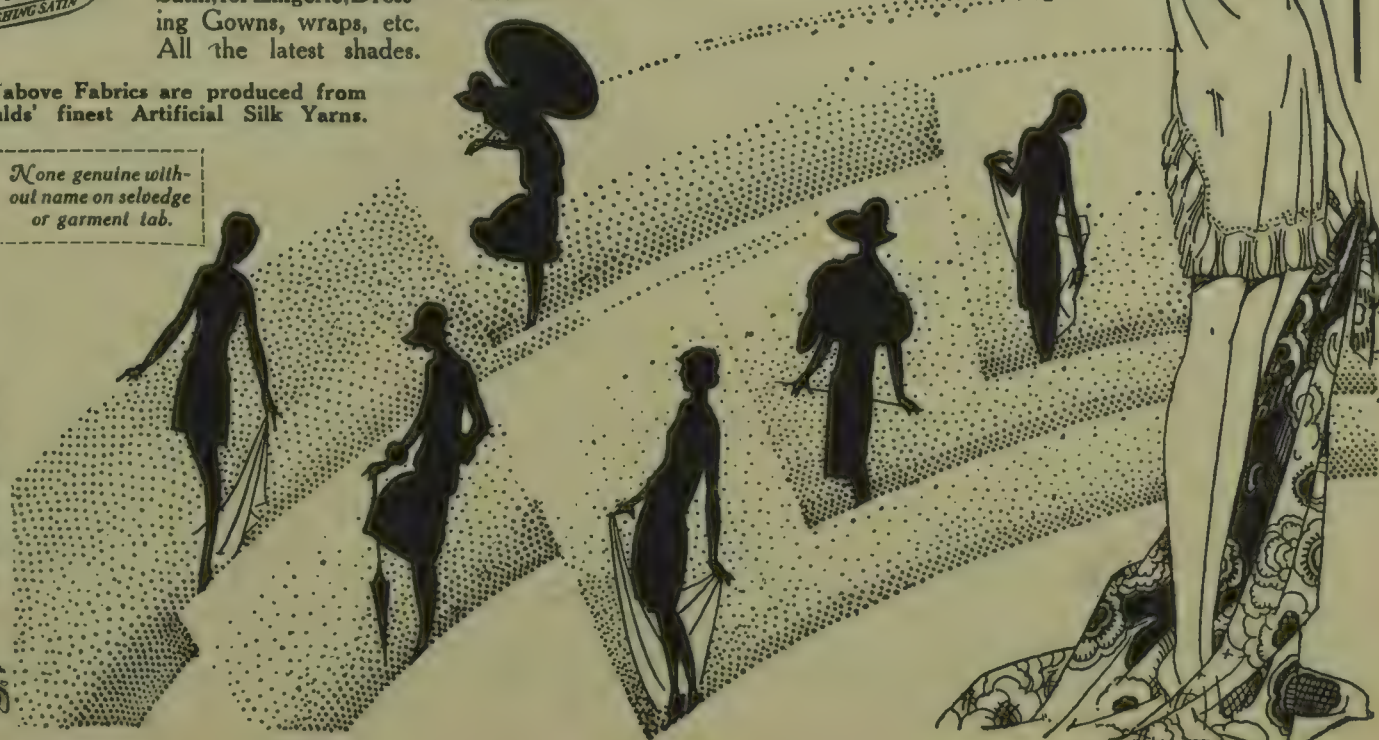
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FINANCIAL SWINDLES AND THE EXPERTS.

(Continued from Page 854.)

of seeing their managers and the mysterious leader share their lot.

An ingenious type of financial fraud, which also belongs to the category of indirect thefts, has despoiled many men of their savings, and the police have found it difficult in many instances to obtain the evidence needed to place the offender in the dock. The swindler launches an enterprise which is apparently successful and obviously does not fear investigation. Always it is some undertaking where the employees handle much of the firm's money. Therefore these men must deposit a certain sum as guarantee. In some instances they receive shares in the business to cover their deposit. Then one fine day they find themselves in sole possession of a concern that has many liabilities and no assets, for upon examination the safe is found to be empty and the account at the bank overdrawn. The director or directors have, of course, disappeared.

This swindle was practised on a large scale all over the world just after the war, when many ex-Service men were anxious to settle down to work once more, and in order to obtain positions were willing to invest a few hundreds, generally their little all. There was one man in France who bought steam roundabouts cheaply, redecorated them with much gilt and tinsel, and engaged men to run them who could deposit or invest small sums. Although there were an unusual and unnecessary number of employees, they received their wages for a while; then, when the deposits had attained many times the value of the machinery, the owner would vanish, leaving the poor fellows to struggle along as best they might. In all these cases the swindler was finally caught because he advertised—how else could he find his countless victims? When the investigation of his past activities convinced the police that they were dealing with a criminal, detectives were sent to proffer their money and services, and thus when, as so often before, the dishonest director slipped away as he thought unseen, his loot neatly packed in a suitcase, he found one of his employees waiting in the train with gaping handcuffs.

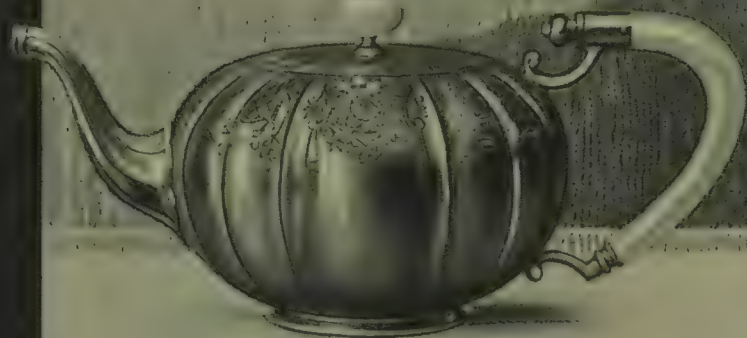
It would be indiscreet to disclose the methods of the police experts in dealing with the *élite* of financial swindlers; their task is quite difficult enough; but I hope I have shown that in the publicity lie the seeds

of their downfall. Perhaps one of the most extraordinary, and even amusing, swindles—to those who were not the victims of it—came before the criminal courts of Paris recently. It became known as the "pig-farm fraud," and no doubt many remember the case. The man who invented it was a briefless barrister, and his plea was that originally he had intended to exploit the idea honestly, but when, to his amazement, twenty-seven million francs swamped his office, the temptation to keep this easily acquired fortune had been overwhelming. I can well believe it! The fellow advertised extensively that for five hundred francs anyone could become the proud owner of a piglet. The animal, selected by the investor, would be branded and tattooed on one ear with the owner's initials. It would be tended, fattened, and generally looked after, on what the schemer described as his extensive farms. Thereafter from a youngster it would grow into a valuable monster of meat, when it would be sold. The profits, amounting to many thousand francs, would be divided equally, with no deduction but the actual food the pig had eaten. Somehow the thought of owning a pig which would grow and grow appealed to everyone who read the advertisements, the more so since the investor could visit the farm and follow the progress of his duly branded and tattooed investment at any time.

No doubt the originality of the whole thing ensured its instant success. To keep a pig by proxy and let nature do the rest attracted all kinds of people. Money poured in, until twenty-odd millions had been received. The barrister farmer spent a large sum, and acquired land, huts, and pigs—several hundreds of pigs. They were marked with brown paint that looked like branding, and one ear was adorned with blue and apparently tattooed initials. Several days' notice had to be given when an owner wished to come and visit his property, owing to the overwhelming stress of work. Many came and went their way well satisfied. Their animal was always the fattest, although hundreds of pigs thronged the sties, and it could not be exchanged, for was it not indelibly marked? And thus for a time the trickster thrived exceedingly. He knew, of course, that a day would come when theoretically the pigs would be ready for the market, and took his precautions accordingly. Unfortunately for him the police had meanwhile made some interesting calculations which

exposed the fraud in time, and when the multi-millionaire was ready for flight he travelled no farther than the prisoners' dock.

I have described elsewhere the "buried treasure" fraud, which is truly just as much a financial swindle as the sale of worthless shares or salted gold-mines. Curiously enough, this "buried treasure" trick originated in Spain, and the bait—hidden and unclaimed millions—is still flung abroad from there. Probably the many legends of sunken, gold-filled galleons suggested it. A typical case was investigated by the great criminologist, R. A. Reiss, and he obtained one of the bogus certified cheques which led to the conviction of two members of a clever gang of forgers. The bank was entirely fictitious, and the cheque so beautifully engraved (See page 854) that it deceived many people. Spies of the band travelled extensively and designated those who might become dupes. These were then visited by a specialist who played the part of a loyal old servant. His master, a Spanish nobleman, whom political enemies had caused to be imprisoned, had at the last moment placed all his money in a bank and obtained a certified cheque for it. This cheque the old man had been able to hide when the house was searched. He now wished to cash it, for with part of the money he could buy his master's freedom. In order to cash it, however, the nobleman's signature was necessary. The old man then suggested to the victim, usually a well-to-do provincial not well versed in Spanish politics, that he should accompany him to the town in Spain where his master was imprisoned. Money would be necessary, of course, to bribe the warders, who would in return obtain the much-needed signature, whereupon they would cash the cheque together, and as reward half of the huge sum would belong to the generous confederate for providing the indispensable bribe. The promise of such an unexpected good fortune caused several people to travel to Spain with the servant. They were taken to a large, grey building which looked like a prison, where they were met by a fellow in uniform, purporting to be a warder. To him the unsuspecting dupe handed several thousand pesetas, the sum agreed upon as bribe. Servant and warder then entered the building, whilst their victim waited anxiously, fully expecting to see them return with a signed order for the bank. Meanwhile the criminals had slipped out through a side door, and were already far away.



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THE BRITISH THOMSON-HOUSTON CO., LTD.

MARINE CARAVANNING.—VI.

THE AUXILIARY CRUISER.

THERE are few sailing yachtsmen to-day who have not fitted auxiliary engines in their vessels for use when entering or leaving harbour. Owners of the purely power-driven vessels, on the other hand, have not been slow to see the advantage gained if their boats are able to sail when a favourable wind is encountered. It saves fuel on long cruises, even on the inland waterways of Europe, where many large stretches of water exist.

At first sight, a motor-cruiser fitted with sails seems to be the ideal, but in practice it is not all that it appears. A vessel designed purely for sailing, on the other hand, is not very efficient when mechanically driven. She is more pointed in the stern, and generally has a deeper draught and less accommodation than that found in motor craft of the same size. The auxiliary motor-cruiser, therefore, is a compromise, neither perfect as a power boat nor as a sailing vessel; but she compensates for these shortcomings by her ability either to sail or steam moderately well.

With the exception of one well-known standard boat, I know of no firm which specialises in building standard auxiliary cruisers, though there are many who design and build motor-cruisers fitted with sails which, under favourable conditions, will reach port unaided by their engines. I have chosen, therefore, in the photograph, as an example of a good type of auxiliary cruiser, a vessel which is better for sailing purposes than as a power boat, for I consider the best auxiliary is the vessel in which the engines come second to the sails. The hull of such a vessel is not as cheap to construct as that of a mechanically driven boat; but the initial cost of the engine

need not be as great, for a smaller, and perhaps cheaper, type can be employed, as it will only be required occasionally.

In order to preserve the sailing qualities of the

vessel as much as possible, it is important to install the engine low down in the ship, and thereby utilise its weight as ballast. In small auxiliaries, it is usually placed under the cockpit floor: this means that a very compact unit is required, for, owing to the tapering of the vessel in this part in order to preserve her sailing qualities, the available space is very restricted. There are several engines on the market of the petrol, paraffin, and heavy oil types which can be safely fitted in this position; but I warmly advocate that, whichever be chosen, it should be fitted to drive a feathering propeller, such as the well-tried Duerr. I favour the Duerr propeller in small craft, as it eliminates the necessity of a clutch; in an auxiliary vessel, however, a propeller of this sort becomes almost imperative, for, unlike the ordinary solid type, it creates practically no drag in the water when the boat is sailing and the engine stopped.

The great fascination of the small auxiliary cruiser, from the point of view of the novice, lies in the fact that a large spread of canvas is seldom fitted, and, in consequence, sailing can be indulged in by those with little knowledge, and useful experience can thereby be gained, with little fear of accident. Another advantage which the well-designed auxiliary holds over the motor-cruiser is that she is more stable: she has a better "grip of the water," in fact, owing to a deeper draught and generally more ballast. Her speed under engine power, on the other hand, is seldom very great. I wish there were more auxiliary cruisers of the type I have mentioned, for, after the pure sailing vessel, they provide the best school for the rising generation of yachtsmen, who must, if they intend to become "full-fledged," gain a knowledge of sailing. Even in these days of steamships, those responsible for the instruction of their *personnel* insist on a knowledge of sails as the best means whereby a "sea sense" is gained. G. HAMPDEN.



A GOOD TYPE OF AUXILIARY CRUISER, IN WHICH THE ENGINE IS SECONDARY TO THE SAILS: THE "INTREPID"—BUILT FOR CROSSING THE PACIFIC.

The "Intrepid" is an auxiliary yacht, 47 ft. long, 13 ft. in beam, and 6 ft. in draught, fitted with an 8-10-h.p. Petter marine engine. She was built for crossing the Pacific Ocean. For inland water cruising the draught can be reduced.

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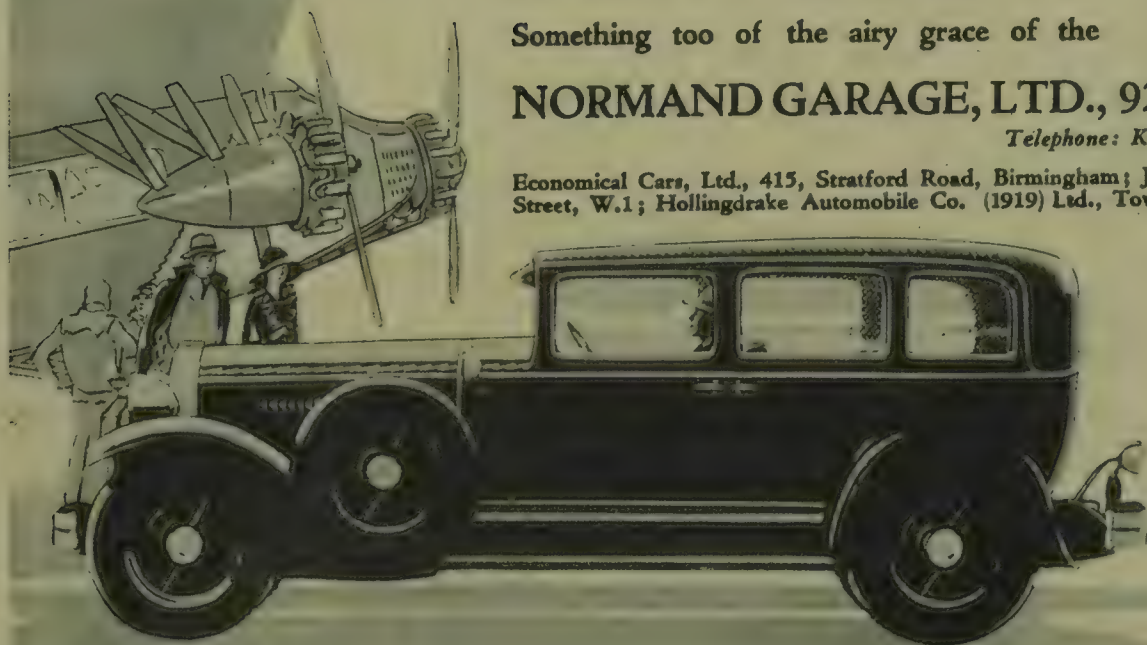
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HUPMOBILE

SIX & EIGHT



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THE NEED FOR STEAM IN PETROL-ENGINES.

ONE of the principal charms about owner-driving a car is that you can never be certain of anything. They tell us, those wise people who know so much, that everything about the running of our cars has its proper, official cause, that a "scientific explanation" is available to cover every odd occurrence. The most peculiar things happen to the best-regulated engines and chassis to-day, just as they did a quarter of a century ago, and I have no doubt equally peculiar symptoms will crop up just as often a quarter of a century hence.

Human Cars.

That is the real lure of fine machinery—its human weaknesses. The wise people are always at hand with book-made reasons for everything, but we all know how strangely often they are hopelessly at fault. Odd noises at odd times, queer moods, unexpected efficiency, baffling failure—all these happen to every good car that ever was made, and will continue to happen so long as machinery is made by man. It would be very dull if they didn't.

The Spirit of Night.

There is, in particular, one manifestation which is still a hardy annual, generally met with at its best about this time of year. This is the apparently improved performance of our engines at night. I call it a hardy annual, because the files of motor papers for years back will show columns of corre-

spondence on the subject; but I do not use the word in disbelief or mockery. I am very much of those who believe in the helping hand lent by the Spirit of Night to every good engine, and certain matters I have read of lately lead me to think it is time we made some practical use of our experience.

It is not every engine which runs better at night, and that is what really baffles your scientist. If they all did, the thing would be plain enough sailing—but they don't. Your scientist says that it is the sudden increase of dampness in the air after sundown which gives your engine its increased power, sweetness of running, and general improvement, and that a really damp, misty day will or should have the same effect. So it is—in some cases, but by no means in all. And it is just because of this odd dissimilarity in the behaviour of carburettors and/or engines, or both, which convinces every experienced driver that there is really something in it.

Explanations—Plausible and the Reverse.

For myself, after more years and miles of road than I always like to be reminded of, I am a firm believer in the theory. Being no chemist, I cannot tell why nearly every car I have owned since 1903 has run exuberantly better by night and in misty or very damp weather, nor why the others have not. I willingly accept the popular explanation that the air is damper for an hour or so after sunset, and that this dampness is transformed into something not far off steam by the time it has become part of the explosive charge in the cylinders. It sounds perfectly plausible—except when you remember the cars and occasions when the Spirit of Night (or perhaps of Water) has completely failed to materialise. If car A obviously runs better, faster, more smoothly, and more economically (the natural result of the first three conditions) on Wednesday than on Tuesday, whereas car B shows no difference at all in the same circumstances, what happens to the scientific explanation of one of the most delightful tricks your car can show you? The bottom falls out of it.

Three Examples—and Another.

Within the past few years I have owned four cars originally fitted with a familiar make of carburetter, the Zenith. Of these the first two

(Continued overleaf.)



THE SOURCE OF THE GLASS THAT SAVES MANY A MOTORIST FROM DEATH OR SERIOUS INJURY: AN AIR

VIEW OF THE TRIPLEX WORKS AT KING'S NORTON, NEAR BIRMINGHAM. The site of the Triplex Glass Works at King's Norton occupies 23 acres, and includes 215,445 square feet of covered workshops.

Photograph by Aerofilms, Ltd., Hendon.

DODGE BROTHERS NEW SENIOR SIX *Bigger—Finer—Faster*

Dodge Brothers New Senior Six is the smartest, the fastest, the roomiest and in every respect the most distinctive fine car they have ever built.

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As a masterpiece of artistic bodycraft—as a revelation of riding comfort and as an example of quality performance—one would have to compare the New Senior with cars in a much higher priced category.

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Dodge Brothers new Senior line includes a 5-Seater Saloon, a Sports Saloon, and a Landau Saloon, illustrated below.



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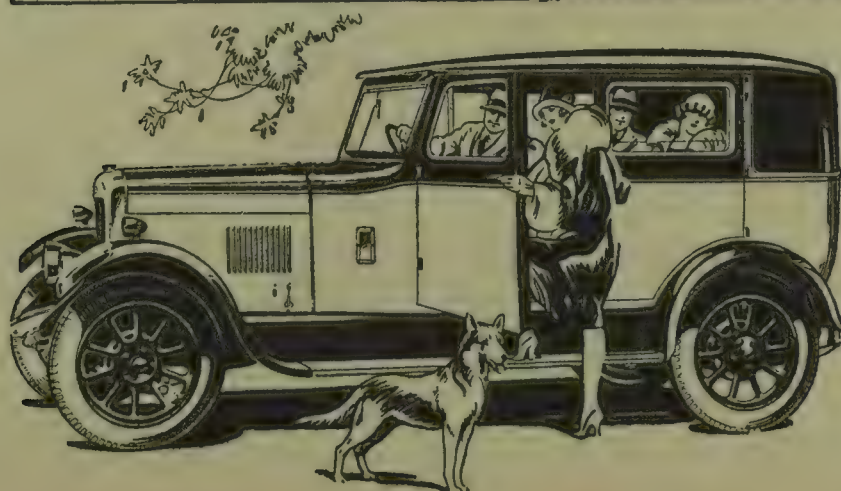


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THE REAL SCHUBERT.

IN an excellent introduction to "Franz Schubert's Letters and Other Writings," recently published by Faber and Gwyer, Mr. Ernest Newman says: "Schubert's letters are the true counterpart of his music: the style is simple—melodic and diatonic, we may almost call it—without any involutions or complexities either of structure or of thought, expressing in the directest possible way only the broad fundamentals of things (though often, in spite of the artlessness of the prose, with something of the beauty of touch that makes his musical expression of the fundamental simplicities of feeling so magical), without anything whatever of self-consciousness or the desire to produce an effect. From his letters as from his music we get the impression of a nature of the utmost sweetness and simplicity—the latter, of course, not being synonymous with superficiality; the simplicities of a Schubert or a Mozart may go deeper than the sophistications of many a more intellectual composer."

This is admirably put, and in this charmingly printed edition of Schubert's letters we may see the Schubert of his more lyrical songs. The Schubert of the more tragic and dramatic songs is only rarely given expression in his letters. As Mr. Newman rightly says: "Through his letters . . . especially in the earlier period of his pitifully short life, runs that simple apposition of joy and sadness that is so characteristic of his music, and in the letters there is generally that momentary welling over of joy into sadness and of sadness into joy that gives his music its typically Schubertian wistfulness."

Those portions of Schubert's diary that have been discovered are included in the "other writings" of this edition, and from them I extract the following, which was written in 1816, on June 13, when Schubert was nineteen years old—

All my life I shall remember this fine, clear, lovely day. I still hear softly, as from a distance, the magic strains of Mozart's music. With what unbelievable power, and yet again how gently did Schlesinger's masterly playing impress it deep, deep into one's heart! So do these lovely impressions, which neither time nor circumstance can efface, remain in the mind and influence for good our whole existence. In the dark places of our life they point to that clear-shining

and distant future in which our whole hope lies. O Mozart, immortal Mozart, how many, how infinitely many, inspiring suggestions of a finer, better life have you left in our souls!"

This is a remarkable expression of the essential nature of Schubert; but there is another Schubert—the Schubert of such songs as "Freiwiliges Versinken," "Der Doppelgänger," "Aufenthalt," "Dass sie hier gewesen," "Die Junge Nonne." Of this last song Mr. Richard Capell, in his admirable book, "Schubert's Songs," gives an excellent description. The song was composed in 1825. "We find again," says Mr. Capell, "after ten years, the Schubert of 'Erlkönig.' Here is just such another nocturnal landscape with a great movement of wind and storm clouds. It is the very heart of romance, this awed admiration of nature's wild revelry. . . . 'Die Junge Nonne' comes strangely near being a hymn to the storm. We hear the weather's formidable sighing from end to end of the song. The storm is never close at hand . . . the music leaves us with a notion of a tremendous billowing and buffeting, and yet it has hardly risen to *f* and has been for the most part *pianissimo*. . . . After many years the impression remains of Arthur Nikisch's rendering of this muffled storm in the days when he used to play for Elena Gerhardt. It was a discovery of the depths of Schubert's poetry."

Schubert had a serious illness in 1823, and was never sound in health again. During the four remaining years of his life he was in the state of mind which he himself describes in a letter to Kupelwieser dated March 31—

I have been longing to write to you for a long time past, but could never hit upon it when and where. Now comes an opportunity through Smirsch, and at last I am able to pour out my whole heart to someone again. You are so good and faithful you are sure to forgive me things that others would only take very much amiss. To be brief, I feel myself the most unfortunate and the most wretched man in the whole world. Picture to yourself someone whose health is permanently injured, and who in sheer despair does everything to make it worse instead of better; picture to yourself, I say, someone whose most brilliant hopes have come to nothing, someone to whom love and friendship are at most a source of bitterness, someone whose inspiration (whose creative inspiration at least) for all that is beautiful threatens to fail, and then ask yourself if that is not a wretched and unhappy being.

"Meine Ruh ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer, ich finde sie nimmer und nimmer mehr." That could be my daily song now, for every night when I go to sleep I hope never to

wake again, and each morning I am recalled to the griefs of yesterday."

That letter is an expression of a mood which is to be found in many of Schubert's songs. But if Schubert had had good medical attention, and if the medical knowledge of the present day had been available then, he might have been restored to health and to a long life. As it happened, this illness was not the direct cause of his death, which was due to typhus, and he came to brighter and even hopeful periods after this letter of 1824, when his health seemed to be improving. Mr. Newman says—

By the end of 1824, although there are times when he believes his health to be improving—and, as Schwind's letters to Schöber indicate, he had managed to fill his friends with the same hope—he is subject to terrible fits of depression, and between the lines we can read that he realises himself to be a beaten man. His imagination has difficulty now in gilding the hideous realities of life. The old simple childlike faith in music as the sure solvent of human woe has gone. He sees the world for what it is; only the beauties of nature bring him any consolation, and even in the face of these he is saddened by the spectacle of "this vermin known as man"; gone are the days when his heart was "filled with infinite love for those who scorned it."

His friends have left records of this state. Mayrhofer early in 1827 said: "He had been very ill for a long time, he had been through some shattering experiences, life had been stripped of its rose colour, and winter had set in for him." Spaun wrote: "I was painfully affected . . . for some time Schubert had been in a gloomy state and seemed to be hard hit. To my question what was the matter with him, he only answered, 'Oh, you will soon hear and understand.'"

Nevertheless, this side of the picture can be overdrawn. It is a fact that at the end of his life Schubert had arranged to take lessons in counterpoint, which shows he had desires and ambitions still. This also reveals the essential modesty and sincerity of the great artist, because Schubert's natural gifts were so extraordinary that his basses are the admiration of all musicians, and yet the man who could write the inspired counterpoint of the C major symphony was not so self-satisfied as to be above taking lessons from some academic pedant.

It is also necessary to be on our guard against thinking that the melancholy and tragic passion of Schubert's music is to be ascribed to his sufferings on

[Continued overleaf.]

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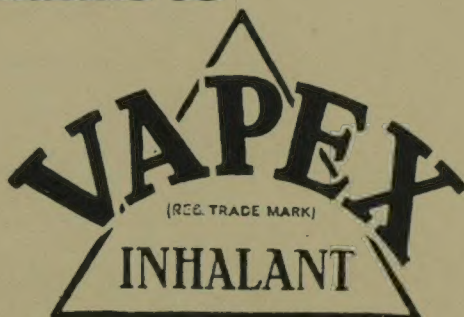
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(Continued.)
account of his illness. Long before his illness he had composed music of tragic intensity. It rather originated in the acuteness and depth of his sensibility, and that imaginative sympathy with the sufferings and sorrows of the universe which all artists of genius possess. It was by insight rather than by personal experience that Schubert revealed the wonderful expression of his finest songs. That Schubert was no mere gifted child of nature is abundantly proved by his letters and the extracts from his diaries, which often show remarkable penetration and great common-sense. Take, for example, the following extracts from his diary—

Man comes into the world armed with faith, which is far superior to knowledge and understanding; for in order to understand a thing one must first of all believe in it. Faith is that high fundament in which the weaker intellect erects the first pillars of conviction.

Reason is nothing more than analysed belief.

One step alone divides the sublime from the ridiculous and the greatest wisdom from the grossest stupidity.

Sorrow sharpens the understanding and strengthens the character, whereas happiness seldom troubles about the former, and only makes for weakness or frivolity in the latter.

And there is one strange saying which is quite unlike the gentle, sentimental Schubert some writers would have us believe him to be—

"Enviably Nero! You were strong enough to destroy a corrupt people with the sound of stringed instruments and with song!"

With that cryptic remark I will leave Schubert.

W. J. TURNER.

THE FIRST DOUBLE ENTHRONEMENT IN JAPAN.

(Continued from Page 866.)

leading to the throne hall, stands between the banzai banners, and shouts "Banzai!" a cry taken up by all present, echoed beyond the palace gates, and re-echoed through the length and breadth of the land. But the most important rites of the Great Ceremonies are yet to come—the Daijo-sai, or Great Thanksgiving. For this festival special halls have been built, called after the two rice-fields, the yuki and suki-den. These are surrounded by other special buildings and waiting-places, and the whole enclosed by a brush fence having in it four gateways.

The Emperor leaves his palace at nightfall, and on arrival at the daijo-gu, his first act is to disrobe, enter the bath, and be dressed in a robe of pure white silk, as preliminaries to the austerities of the yuki-den, when his Majesty partakes of food with the gods. A procession is formed, and, as the Emperor walks forward along corridors lit by torch-bearers, the matting upon which he walks is touched by no other feet, being unrolled as he advances and rolled up behind. Over his head is a wide umbrella, symbol of sovereignty. The Emperor enters the yuki-den, and then comes another procession, formed of women carrying the food offerings to be placed before the Emperor for the communal feast in which the monarch shares the meal with the goddess Amaterasu. The ten Court ladies with trays, boxes, and bowls, with the torch-bearers, make an imposing scene, their flowing garments, wide sleeves, and white overdress, and their

crowns adorned with golden branches of the plum and silver blossom, adding colour and romance to the spectacle.

Outside the yuki-den, all wait reverently in the darkness of night, illumined by lanterns and the flickering light of the watch-fires. In due course the rite is concluded, and the Emperor returns to the bath-room, there to receive further ablution and to rest, for the whole has to be repeated in the suki-den, the imperial ordeal finishing at dawn. Two days are then given over to feasting, dancing, and other entertainments. The banquets take place on Nov. 16 and 17, the first function beginning by the Emperor drinking the ceremonial black and white saké, the national spirit, specially brewed. The most interesting feature of the entertainments, however, is the dance called "gosechimai," so called from the five-coloured robes worn by the young ladies performing, representatives of the most noble families. The dancers wear skirts of scarlet and rainbow-tinted overgarments, with long embroidered trains, and golden diadems. In their hands they carry wooden fans, painted with beautiful designs, from which hang cords of many hues. To an old poem sung by the Court singers and accompanied by flute and harp, they move in slow rhythm. (See colour illustration page 867.)

On the following day, two dances of Chinese origin, preserved by the Court musicians for a thousand years, are performed—one being Manzairaku, a dance of congratulation; the other the Taiheiraku, significant of joy after victory in battle. When all the festivities are over, the Emperor departs from Kyoto

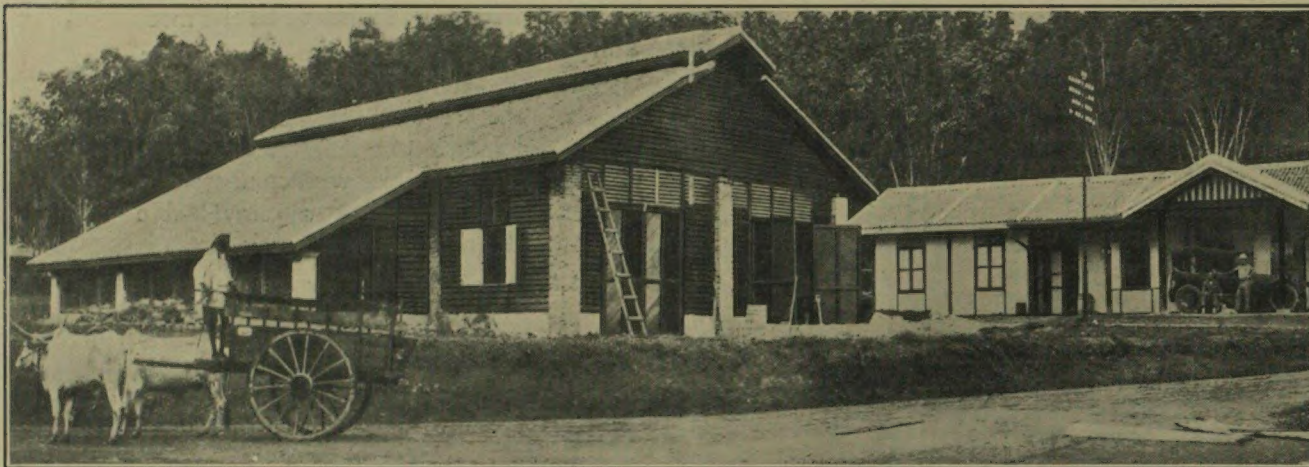
for Ise, where is the ancient shrine of the Sun Goddess. Later, he visits the tombs of the first Emperor, and those of his grandfather and preceding monarchs.

Once again the Kashiko-dokoro, the imperial sanctuary, is carried through the streets, to its resting-place in the Mirror Hall, in the palace at Tokyo. Immediately after his return, the Emperor visits the tomb of his father, near Tokyo, and when the many ceremonies in connection with the enthronement are at an end a report is made to the gods by the Emperor before the shrines in the palace garden.

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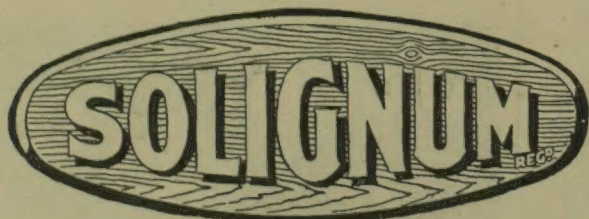


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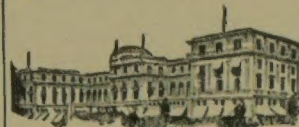


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